

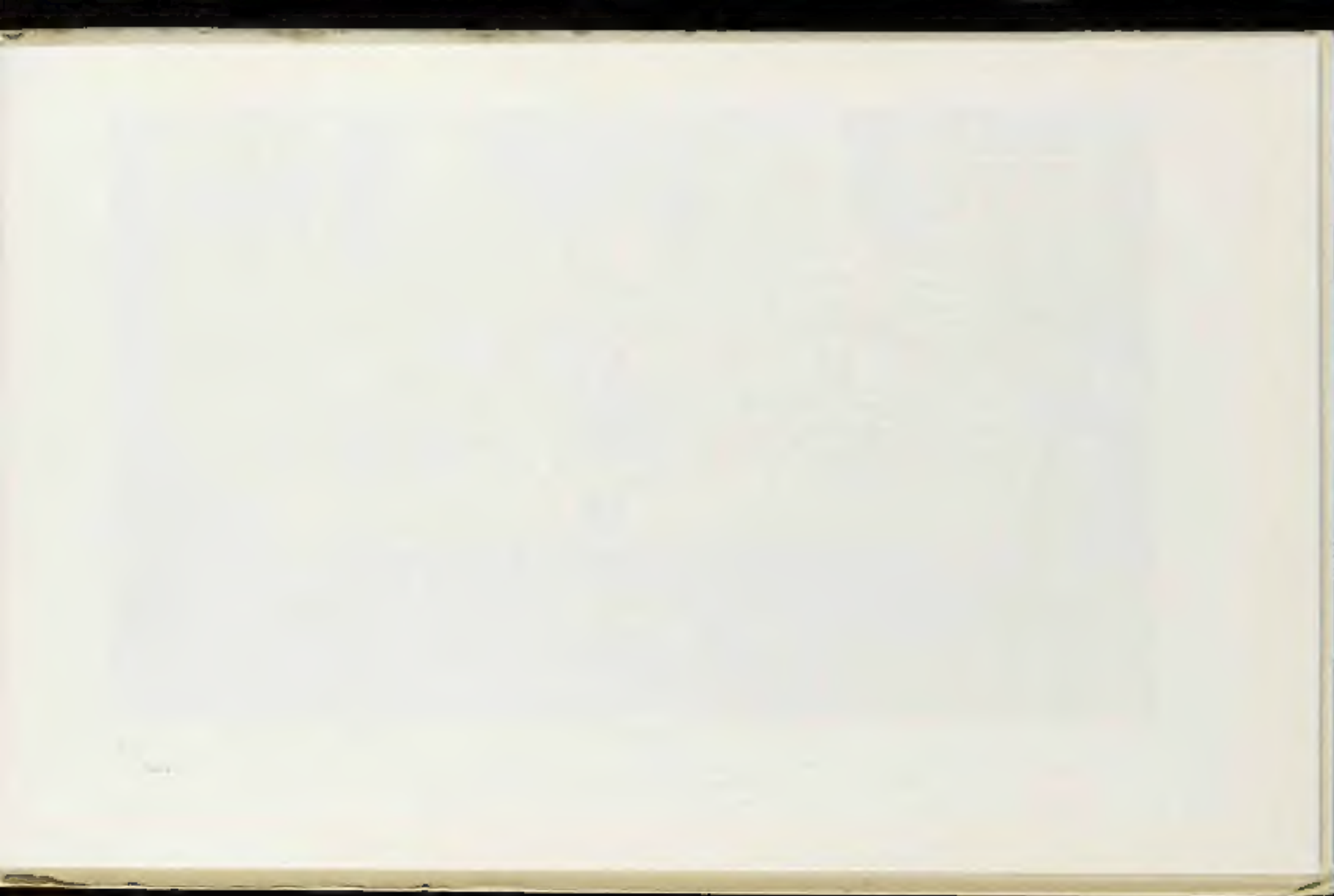


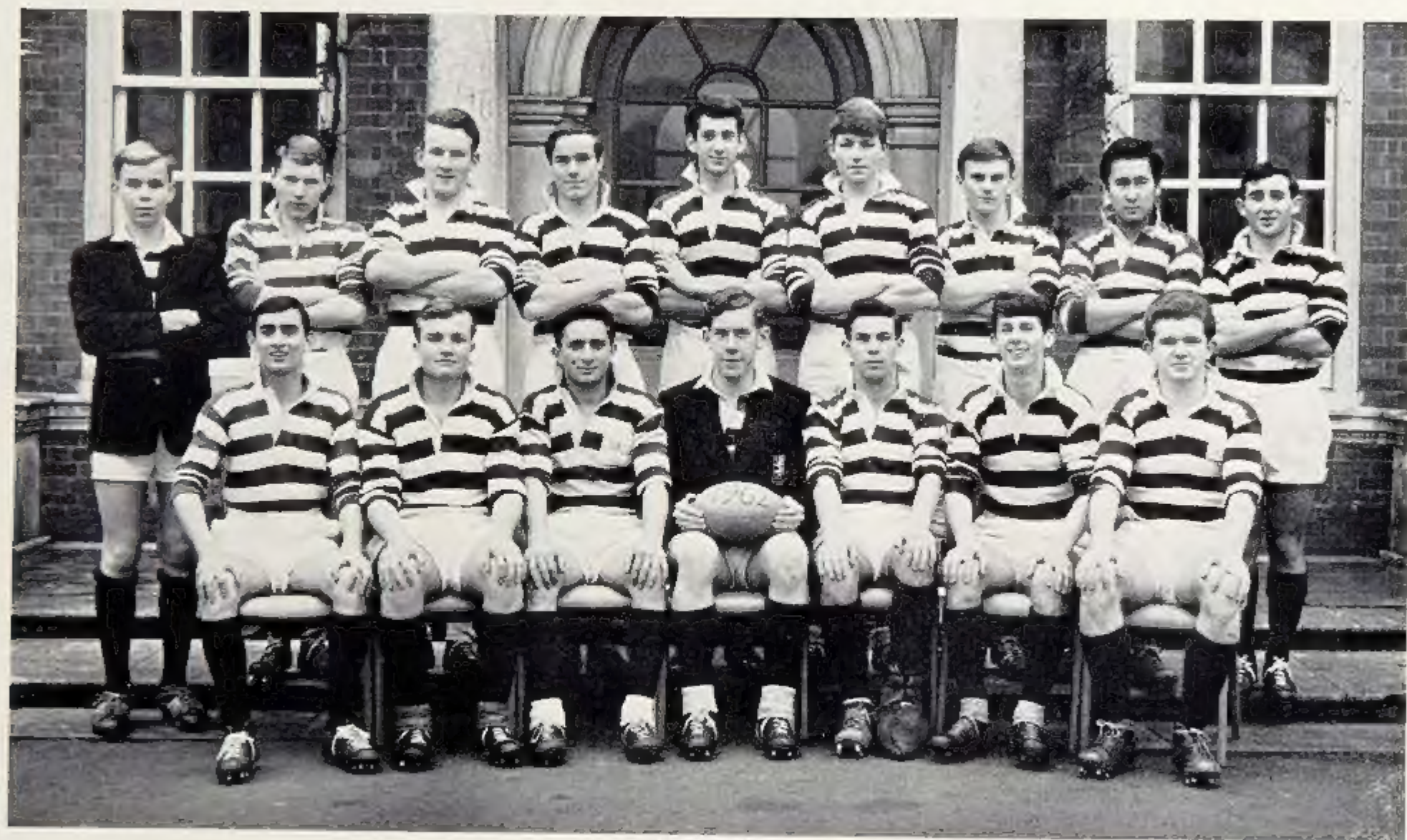
SPRING
1963



THE SKYLARK







FIRST XV

Standing: A. S. L. GOY (*Linesman*), H. D. L. EVANS, N. OWEN, P. C. HOVELL, P. F. H. MOLT, N. A. SEROTA, K. W. BURT, E. W. CHEN, R. C. DEITCH
Seated: R. M. HARRIS, S. HARRIS, C. P. MENEZIES, J. MAPLESDEN (*Captain*), R. F. SKINNER, D. SMITH, P. L. COTTON

Photo by Westwood & Nokes



THE SKYLARK

*Magazine of the Haberdashers' Aske's School,
Elstree, Hertfordshire*

Spring, 1963

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Editors: R. C. LACK

D. W. CHEN, L. CROXFORD, R. F. HOWARD,

A. R. KERPEL

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SCHOOL OFFICERS

SPRING 1963

School Captain: J. MAPLESDEN

Vice Captain: J. E. BUTCHART

School Prefects:

D.W-D. Chen	P. F. H. Holt	P. V. Nayak
J. S. Ratcliffe	D. Smith	M. S. Sorrell
P. Stoker	J. K. Tucker	R. M. Valdar
	A. Wallin	

Sub Prefects:

J. Bevan	R. H. Briggs	M. Brimmer
C. R. T. Brown	A. J. Burch	I. R. Burrage
A. D. Clark	J. A. Cooper	R. Cooper
P. L. Cotton	L. Croxford	A. J. Dewar
D. W. Dyke	A. E. Edwards	J. E. Freeman
R. A. Fisher	C. R. Fradd	M. A. Green
S. C. Gruner	J. S. Hack	R. A. Hillyard
P. C. Hovell	D. M. S. Jones	D. W. Kearton
C. Kingsnorth	C. J. Langford	M. Q. Lewis
A. G. McLean	C. R. Menezies	R. G. Prior
R. G. Putnam	B. N. Rolfe	N. A. Serota
G. P. Smith	W. J. Webb	S. G. Welch
	D. J. Willshaw	

House Captains:

Calverts: D. W. Kearton	Hendersons: J. E. Butchart
Joblings: M. L. J. Harris	Meadows: D. W-D. Chen
Russells: A. Wallin	Strouts: J. S. Ratcliffe

Games Captains:

Basket-ball: J. Maplesden	Cross-Country: J. R. W. Ansdell
Hockey: D. W-D. Chen	Rowing: G. P. Smith
Shooting: J. E. Freeman	Swimming: M. Q. Lewis

Senior N.C.O., C.C.F.: J. E. Butchart

School Recorder: M. S. Sorrell

Assistant Librarian: I. R. Burrage

Assistant Games Secretary: J. E. Butchart

DE OMNIBUS REBUS

We welcome this year, as our English Speaking Union guest-scholar from America, James T. Mitchell, who joins Via Modern from The Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

* * *

In the Modern Languages Association German Verse-Speaking Competition for London and Home Counties, of 355 competitors from 51 Schools, A. P. Rothbart of Via Modern and D. N. Vogel of 4²⁴ reached the Semi-Final, and D. K. Angadi of 3¹⁹ was the winner of the Junior Division.

* * *

It was pleasing to see, among the prize-winning entries in the *Daily Mirror* Children's Literary Competition of 1962, the work of B. M. Heiser of Via Modern, and D. M. Marks of 4²⁴.

* * *

Once more we are glad to thank many contributors who have submitted more contributions than we have been able to find room for. The Editors especially acknowledge the

help of Mr. J. J. Luria, our American Exchange teacher, and an enthusiast for "Creative Writing".

* * *

A machine for the dispensing of "Hot Tea" has been installed in the Meadows House area, and seems to be in considerable use.

* * *

The excellent tradition of providing live musical recitals was continued during the Autumn by two recitals given in the School Hall, the first by David Seaman (*pianoforte*), one of the School's most accomplished pianists of recent years; and the second a Song Recital by David Hughes (*Tenor*). Both of these recitals deserved to be much more widely supported.

* * *

Congratulations again to P. C. Chambers of 4²⁰ whose Diving successes in County, inter-County and Amateur Swimming Association competitions have continued.

* * *

One often admires the enthusiasts who vigorously supply School noticeboards with ingenious and colourful announcements of various meetings and other functions. How often we wish that the same enthusiasts would make themselves responsible for removing the same notices once their purposes have been served!

* * *

The traditional Carol Service at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was held on Tuesday, December 18th. An especially interesting aspect was the fact that this year's Sermon was preached by the Master of the Haberdashers'

Company, the Rev. A. W. G. Cope, who developed the theme of the relevance of Christianity, as based on the "Logos" of St. John's Gospel, to the modern world of scientific investigation.

An "impressionistic" account of the Service appears elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

We wish to congratulate the following, on gaining Open Awards this year at Oxford and Cambridge:—

Scholarships: B. Charlesworth, Queens' College, Cambridge (*Natural Sciences*); M. J. L. Day, St. Catherine's College, Oxford (*Mathematics*); P. T. A. Riddy, Exeter College, Oxford (*Mathematics*); S. M. Schama, Christ's College, Cambridge (*History*).

Exhibitions: A. L. Bregman, Pembroke College, Oxford (*Physics*); A. D. Clark, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (*Natural Sciences*); A. A. Hurst, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge (*History*); D. W. Kearton, Corpus Christi, College, Cambridge (*History*).

* * *

We also wish to congratulate R. C. Berryman, who has been awarded a Cadetship at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth; and S. C. Gruner, who has been awarded an R.A.F. Scholarship leading to a Cadetship at Cranwell.

* * *

The news that an American University is seeking to buy St. Mary Aldermanbury and remove it entirely to the U.S.A. reminds us that our founder, Robert Aske, was buried there, not far from The Haberdashers' Hall.



STAFF NOTES

Most gratifying news of all has been of the appointment of Mr. J. W. Dudderidge to the Order of the British Empire in the New Year's Honours, 1963, for "services to British canoeing." Those who have seen and heard Mr. Dudderidge in action over the past thirty years well know how strenuously, how passionately, and how persistently he has devoted himself to the cause of canoeing, not only with members of the School, but on a national and on an international scale. There can be few rivers and water-ways of the British Isles on which he has not led parties of Haberdashers, and many generations of boys have reason to be grateful to him for help and advice on the construction and handling of canoes of all sorts and sizes. Perhaps not many present readers of "The Skylark" know that he was Secretary of the British Canoe Union from 1939 to 1961, when he became its Presi-

dent; nor that he represented Great Britain in the canoeing events at the Olympic Games of 1936 (at Berlin), and was Team Manager and Coach for the Olympic Games of 1948 (at Henley), of 1952 (at Helsinki), of 1956 (at Melbourne), while at the Games of 1960 (at Rome) he was a member of the international jury of appeal. Our heartiest congratulations.

* * *

Mr. A. G. D. Lee, who had taught Chemistry and been Science Careers Master for some years, left us to become Senior Chemistry Master at the Sloane School, S.W.10. A somewhat enigmatic character, he had worked on the Personnel side of Industry for some ten years before taking up his first appointment as a Schoolmaster with us, and could obviously bring to his work a wide and shrewd knowledge of the industrial world. He was the possessor of a fine lyrical tenor voice, which gave us great delight on the few occasions on which we were privileged to hear it at informal concerts. He was also a notable refutation of the idea of the inarticulate scientist, for his reports on Sixth Form pupils were models of insight, expressed with unusual sensitiveness to language. He has our best wishes.

His place as Science Careers Master is taken by Mr. J. A. D'Arcy.

* * *

The retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Ollett at the end of the term has deprived us of two people whose association with the School goes back for more than ten years. Mr. Ollett was appointed as caretaker to the Preparatory School at Mill Hill in 1952, while Mrs. Ollett, always ready to help, willingly took on responsibility for the tuck-shop and tea arrangements

at Chase Lodge. Despite being near to retirement, they both agreed to move with the school to Elstree, where they have continued to carry out a variety of essential tasks, mainly in Aldenham House. We shall greatly miss them but we wish them every happiness in their new home on the Sussex coast.

* * *

Miss Brenda Miall, who had been Assistant School Secretary for several years, left us at the end of November; her distinctly cheerful presence will be missed.

COMMENDATION DAY

SENIOR

Boys of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms, together with their parents, assembled in the School Hall on Thursday, November 1st, for the Commendation of Senior boys. After inspection of a Guard of Honour, a hymn, and prayers, the Chairman of the School Governors, Mr. C. G. Gardner, called upon the Headmaster to give his report on the previous year.

The Headmaster began by welcoming the official guests, particularly the Master of the Company, Mr. R. S. Blundell, who was accompanied by three of the Wardens; the Guest of Honour, Air Chief Marshal Sir Theodore McEvoy, K.C.B., C.B.E., A.D.C., one of the School's most distinguished Old Boys, who had been an early entrant to Cranwell, where he had won the Sword of Honour; and Mr. Kenneth Blessley, who as President of the Old Boys' Club had been chiefly responsible for the launching of the Old Haberdashers' Association, which was intended to draw together all

previous pupils of the School.

Education, said the Headmaster, was essentially a matter of co-operation, and he was very pleased to see gathered together in the Hall on this occasion all the four elements on whom the process of education depended—Governors, parents, pupils, and Staff. The first year at Elstree, he reported, in spite of the considerable upheaval of the move from Hampstead, had been very successful. Boys and masters had settled down well, and the academic results were in some respects as good as, if not better than, ever before. But the School was far from being a teaching "Shop." He explained how the word "School" in Greek signified "a place of leisure," and that the right use of leisure was still an important aspect of education. The School had ample to offer in this field. Societies and Clubs numbered nearly forty. There were opportunities for adventure, leadership, and self-discipline in mountaineering and similar courses. The School exchanged scholars with the United States, and parties of boys frequently visited foreign countries. Within the School grounds there was much to be done, and boys had themselves formed groups to clear the dense undergrowth around some magnificent trees and excavate historical sites.

Mr. Gardner recorded his thanks and congratulations to the Headmaster for the successful year, and emphasized the gratitude of the Governors particularly to the Assistant Masters for all their work, which he said was never taken for granted, even if much of it was quiet and unspectacular. He thanked the boys also for their part in the record of achievement, and finally mentioned the indebtedness of all to "the back-room girls"—the School Administrative Staff—whose

part in the functioning of the School was so vital.

The Master of the Company was then called upon to speak, and after telling us that he was establishing a record by speaking at his second Commendation Day in the one year of office, he described a ceremony which had taken place a few minutes previously in the Headmaster's Room in Aldenham House. This was the unveiling of a portrait of Robert Aske, faithfully copied by the artist, Robert Swan, from the original in Haberdashers' Hall. Robert Aske had been Master of the Company in 1684, and at his death in 1688 had entrusted £20,000 to the Company for the founding of the Almshouse and School which was opened at Hoxton in 1690. The copying of the portrait had been provided for by a legacy from Colonel P. C. Bull, also a former Master of the Company, and Chairman of the School Governors from 1950 to 1960, during which time the removal of the School from Hampstead to Elstree had been planned. If both Robert Aske and Colonel Bull had been able to be present today, said Mr. Blundell—thinking no doubt of the famous epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren—they would both have been proud of their work.

Sir Theodore McEvoy was then invited to distribute the prizes and trophies, and followed this by giving what will no doubt be long remembered as a highly controversial address. He began by expressing his gratitude for the opportunity of being with us. It seemed to him that the School had never "had it so good," for in his day the Governors had been a very much more remote body; the "turn-out" of the Guard of Honour had been excellent; he must congratulate all the prizewinners, but give a word of encouragement to

those who had not won prizes this time, for certainly many of them would "blossom forth" later, while some of the prizewinning minority might possibly "fizzle out like a Canaveral rocket."

As the main theme of his address, he had chosen the topic of War, which it was the function of the Services to prevent, and which (with American help) had certainly been prevented in the more obvious sense in recent years. He was however especially concerned about the "Cold War," and saw, as the aspect of this with which we are most likely to be confronted, the infiltration of "Communist agents" into our organisations and institutions, and he here specified the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—and it was on this topic that Sir Theodore's speech, as reported in the Press, gave rise to a strong outburst of angry objections. He would not wish, he said, to ban the Communist Party, for he was a believer in our traditional doctrines of individual Liberty, but its influence should be met with determination, by seeing that the real facts of a situation were always freely available, so that the truth could always be ascertained. It was in accordance with this belief that he had recently sent a collection of books and pamphlets on topical issues to the School Library.

In the customary way, Sir Theodore ended by asking for an extra day's holiday for the School, and received a sustained ovation from the assembled company.

The School Captain, R. Sen Gupta, then moved a Vote of Thanks to Sir Theodore for finding time to visit the School. His presence was considered a great honour. "If we can only follow your example," said Sen Gupta, "we can hardly go wrong."

PRIZE LIST

THIRD FORMS

J. M. Banfield	<i>Geography, Music, Science</i>
J. D. Bieber	<i>English</i>
K. G. Cresswell	<i>Art</i>
G. P. Davies	<i>Handicraft</i>
S. L. Dombey	<i>History, Science</i>
M. R. Edwards	<i>Latin, Mathematics, Science</i>
J. A. Fleiss	<i>Geography, German</i>
A. J. K. Garland	<i>French, Spanish</i>
A. P. Gray	<i>Latin</i>
C. R. Griffin-Beale	<i>English, Latin, Science</i>
S. Kaye	<i>Geography, German, Mathematics</i>
P. D. B. Lahr	<i>Science</i>
A. R. Lowne	<i>Music</i>
D. M. Marks	<i>Art, English</i>
N. E. J. Marsh	<i>English</i>
G. P. Mayne	<i>Science</i>
I. A. Robb	<i>Science</i>
E. R. Shulman	<i>History</i>
C. G. Stanton	<i>History, Science</i>
A. N. Thornley	<i>French</i>
L. A. Weisz	<i>Geography</i>
J. I. Wheatley	<i>Music</i>
D. R. Wiseman	<i>Mathematics</i>

FOURTH FORMS

J. H. Abulafia	<i>English</i>
D. G. Altman	<i>Art</i>
A. L. Bird	<i>Art</i>
H. J. L. Brabrook	<i>History</i>
J. W. Brittain	<i>Latin</i>
S. P. Brook	<i>English</i>
D. A. C. Brown	<i>Music</i>
T. J. Chipperfield	<i>Geography</i>
G. R. Cook	<i>Science</i>
P. F. Davis	<i>French, Geography, Mathematics, Science</i>
M. J. Deall	<i>Handicraft, Science</i>
M. B. Dobson	<i>Spanish</i>
C. J. Drew	<i>Mathematics</i>
J. M. Edwards	<i>Geography</i>
M. J. Escreet	<i>Music, Science</i>
H. D. L. Evans	<i>English</i>
K. N. Frayn	<i>Science</i>
M. J. Frenkel	<i>French, Russian</i>
D. J. Frost	<i>German</i>
S. J. Fulder	<i>Geography</i>
R. J. Horne	<i>Science</i>
Z. A. Leader	<i>History</i>
G. Mitchell	<i>Science</i>
P. M. A. Peterken	<i>Mathematics</i>
D. C. Pynn	<i>English, French, History</i>
G. F. Ramsay	<i>Handicraft</i>
H. C. Seymour	<i>Art</i>
D. L. Shrine	<i>English</i>
S. B. Sufi	<i>Science</i>
M. Waring	<i>Art, Science</i>
D. J. Wilson	<i>French, History, Science</i>

FIFTH FORMS

D. P. Bray	<i>Handicraft</i>
R. J. Commander	<i>German</i>
D. V. Complin	<i>Art</i>
G. J. Crossick	<i>General Studies, History, Latin</i>
L. J. Davey	<i>Spanish, Mathematics</i>
A. J. Dewar	<i>English, History</i>
D. W. Dyke	<i>English, French, History</i>
M. J. Fenn	<i>English</i>
P. H. Frank	<i>English</i>
N. H. Hawker	<i>Russian</i>
P. F. H. Holt	<i>History, Mathematics</i>
P. C. Hovell	<i>Mathematics</i>
M. P. Inchley	<i>Music</i>
P. A. Joannides	<i>English</i>
A. W. Joyce	<i>History</i>
S. E. G. Lea	<i>English, Geography, History, Mathematics</i>
M. Q. Lewis	<i>English</i>
A. Merzer	<i>Latin, Mathematics</i>
S. G. Moore	<i>History</i>
M. D. Ohrenstein	<i>History</i>
P. J. Perkins	<i>Divinity</i>
J. M. Rothnie	<i>Mathematics</i>
R. J. Shimwell	<i>Music</i>
A. R. Templeman	<i>History</i>
J. R. Urry	<i>Mathematics</i>
S. G. Welch	<i>Mathematics</i>
D. J. Willshaw	<i>Mathematics</i>

SIXTH FORMS

R. M. Andrewes	Music
D. S. Angadi	Music
N. J. R. Antrobus	General Studies
I. F. Archbold	Music
D. M. Bindefeld	Economics, General Studies
A. W. Birks	Mathematics
M. J. Bowen	English, General Studies
M. J. Brimmer	History
J. Butchart	Geography
B. Charlesworth	Biology, Chemistry
D. Chen	General Studies
A. D. Clark	Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics
R. Cooper	History

R. H. E. Cooper
P. Cotton
J. E. Cowan
L. Croxford

M. J. L. Day
C. E. Dines
A. G. Ebel
C. J. Eyles
P. M. Felix
D. P. Fenton
D. J. Flower
C. R. Fradd
J. F. Gearing
J. B. Gold
J. A. Hack
M. D. Hammerstone
S. Harris

Divinity
History
French
English, General Studies
History
Mathematics
Economics
Economics
Mathematics, Physics
Economics
Chemistry, Physics
Mathematics
Economics, History
Mathematics
Art
Economics
Mathematics
Economics

J. A. E. Hunt
A. A. Hurst
D. W. Kearnon
R. C. Lack

J. N. Lyon
C. D. Mair
H. Michaels
R. J. Pascall
R. G. Prior
P. T. A. Riddy
S. M. Schama

J. W. Strachan
J. S. Telford
A. S. Usiskin
M. J. Weston
C. M. Wulwik

Art
German, History
History
Art, English,
General Studies, History
Divinity, Economics
Music
Handicraft
Music
Music
Mathematics
English, General Studies,
History
Biology
English
Chemistry
Economics
Biology

SPECIAL PRIZES 1961-1962

Haberdashers' Company:	M. J. Bongard (Divinity)
Abson Memorial:	A. C. Moore (French and Spanish)
Haswell Charteris Black	
Senior:	J. Maplesden (Sport)
Junior:	H. D. L. Evans (Sport)
Geoffrey Boden Memorial:	R. Birch (Medicine)
Lord Memorial:	P. J. Collins (Mathematics)
McPhaile (Joblings):	B. Parsons (Service to House)
Millard-Newton:	B. M. Heiser (English)
D. W. Small Memorial	C. J. Eyles (Spanish)
R. J. Spiers	
Senior:	S. B. Torrance (Handwriting)
Junior:	S. Evans (Handwriting)
Stokes Memorial:	D. J. Flower (Science)
Wescott (Hendersons):	P. Nayak (Service to House)
J. H. Blunt Memorial:	S. R. Rinsler (Service to Junior School)

H. C. Oliver	D. Chen (Service to Senior School)
Hinton Memorial:	J. E. Butchart (Service as Sub-Prefect)
Kemp Memorial:	P. Wescott (School Captain 1962)
P. C. Bull Memorial:	R. Sen-Gupta (School Captain 1962-63)

HOUSE TROPHIES 1961-1962

JUNIOR SCHOOL

Athletics	...	...	...	...	...	...	Russell
Boxing	...	...	...	...	...	...	Meadows
Work and Conduct	..	..	...	...	...	...	Meadows

UPPER SCHOOL

Athletics Standards (McAuliffe Cup)	...	...	...	Hendersons
Athletics (Hinton Shield)	...	...	...	Calverts
Basketball (Kopenhagen Cup)	...	...	...	Meadows
Cricket (Freeman Shield)...	...	...	...	Joblings
Cross-Country (Littlefield Cup)	...	...	..	Hendersons

Rugby Football:—

Senior (Hayles Shield)	...	...	..	...	Hendersons
Junior (Rogers Shield)					Joblings
Sevens (Paddock Cup)	.	..	..	...	Meadows
Swimming (Dodd Cup)	...	...	.	...	Meadows
Work and Conduct	...	...	...	..	Hendersons

COMBINED UPPER AND JUNIOR SCHOOL

Games (Crossman Shield)	...	...	...	...	Meadows
Work and Sport (Dunton Shield)	...	...	...	...	Meadows

COMMENDATION DAY: JUNIOR

Unlike the previous day, November 2nd provided beautiful autumn weather for this occasion. The sunlight on the quadrangle and woods beyond provided pleasant diversions for the boys, their parents and the guests as they patiently awaited the beginning of the proceedings. There was a polite air of awareness and expectation. The boys read and reread their programmes; the Staff looked very composed and obviously experienced in such occasions; the parents brought a splash of autumn colour into the Hall in their varied seasonal fashions.

Mr. Crossman's sharp eye was the first to notice the entry of the Headmaster, Mr. E. H. Goddard M.A., who was to present the prizes, and the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. C. G. Gardner M.C., F.I.A., and the School rose as the trio made their way to their seats. A chord from the Organ, and the traditional hymn "Praise my soul the King of Heaven" resounded throughout the Hall; the voices of the younger boys were exceptionally resilient and pleasing, and one

admired and shared the sheer enjoyment of the singing. Then followed prayers by the School Chaplain.

The Headmaster once more bade welcome to the Chairman, and to the Guest of Honour, Mr. Goddard, who had recently retired after being for thirty-two years Headmaster of the Haberdashers' Aske's School at Hatcham, and also a past President of the Headmasters' Association. His Report could not but largely recapitulate the previous day's, and proceeded with the impressive record of achievements. For this Mr. Gardner once more thanked him, pointing out that the Headmaster's Report should be taken as a picture of what the Junior boys would be doing in the not very distant future.

Mr. Goddard then distributed the prizes, after which the audience settled to listen to his address. He began by saying that he was more used to giving a Headmaster's Report than a real Speech, and in consequence could not hope to compare with such brilliant and forceful speakers as, for example, Colonel Bull. The School, he said, had impressed him immensely. He had listened to the Headmaster's Report not without a little envy. Few boys had such enormous opportunities as those of this School. Although they came to School primarily to work, they should not disregard all else. He was strongly of the opinion that boys should strive to make a success of all that they did, for this was the way to derive the greatest enjoyment from it. He stressed the need for a boy to exercise his creative abilities. "It is not only freaks or geniuses who have in them the potentialities for art, music, and physical skill; everyone can discover them in himself if he tries."

Mr. Goddard then drew a comparison between the present day and the times in which he grew up, when, he said, they worked and played very hard. He suspected that his generation turned out intellectually much "tougher"; even if it was not thought necessary to make work "interesting", it certainly developed will-power. This "toughness" was also seen in the physical realm, and Mr. Goddard made his audience gasp by reminding them that instead of a heated swimming bath, his generation had nothing to take a bath in after games but cold water at a temperature of 7° ("Centigrade"—he added as an afterthought!), with a small tablet

of that no doubt long-since vanished commodity, Sunlight Soap. Nowadays, he said, we all tend to be lazy; we just love to sit back and watch (Television, for example). But "Don't let yourselves do it! Remember that you are human beings. The Haberdashers' motto 'Serve and Obey' is well enough in its way, but there are some vital things it does not stress, especially the need for initiative. In a very real sense, God helps those who help themselves."—And Mr. Goddard's engaging and stimulating address ended with one more flash of Classical learning, the motto of another School, which he did earnestly recommend, "Hoc Age" (Go to it!).

PRIZE LIST

PREPARATORY FORMS

P. A. Stuart-Kregor	<i>First Form Prize</i>
R. J. Bram	<i>Music</i>
J. H. L. Goll	<i>Nature Study</i>
P. R. Leigh	<i>English</i>
C. J. Reen	<i>Art and Craft</i>
D. L. Rosen	<i>Arithmetic, History and Geography</i>
J. N. Goater	<i>Nature Study, Music</i>
R. C. Swain	<i>Arithmetic</i>
M. D. G. Bukht	<i>History and Geography, Music</i>
G. J. Maclaren	<i>Art, Nature Study</i>
I. H. Paten	<i>English</i>
J. L. Sanders	<i>Arithmetic</i>
G. White	<i>Handicraft</i>

D. M. Bailey
D. B. Gunner
I. C. Hammond
O. V. John
D. J. Luck-Hille
J. R. Stone

FIRST FORMS

D. A. Baker	<i>Art, Science</i>
M. J. Caldwell	<i>Art, Handicraft</i>
I. L. C. Campbell	<i>Science</i>
D. A. Conway	<i>English, French, Mathematics, Music</i>
N. R. Dennis	<i>History</i>
J. C. W. Edwards	<i>Art</i>
S. Evans	<i>Music</i>
A. G. French	<i>Handicraft</i>
P. G. Godfrey	<i>French</i>
E. J. Grunwald	<i>English</i>

<i>Art</i>
<i>Nature Study</i>
<i>Geography</i>
<i>Handicraft</i>
<i>Handicraft</i>
<i>English, History</i>

K. N. E. Hsu	<i>Handicraft</i>
D. Isaacs	<i>English, French, History, Music</i>
J. P. Jeaynes	<i>Music</i>
S. B. Joseph	<i>Mathematics</i>
S. L. Le Duc	<i>Art, Mathematics</i>
S. J. Lodder	<i>Music</i>
A. J. McGregor	<i>Music</i>
D. M. Q. Mond	<i>Geography</i>
A. J. Phipps	<i>Science</i>
J. A. Sanderson	<i>Geography</i>
J. R. Soulsby	<i>Art</i>
C. J. Sparrow	<i>French</i>
N. A. Spiers	<i>Mathematics</i>
I. Taylor	<i>Science</i>
J. Taylor	<i>English, French, Science</i>
D. Trafford	<i>Art, Music</i>
T. L. B. Want	<i>Science</i>
M. J. Webb	<i>Science</i>

SECOND FORMS

J. S. B. Aaronson	<i>German, Mathematics, Science</i>
D. J. Abrehart	<i>French</i>
D. R. K. Angadi	<i>Music</i>
J. Cartledge	<i>English, History</i>
M. R. Chitty	<i>Art, Science, Spanish</i>
M. A. Clayden	<i>Science</i>
M. A. Couzens	<i>French</i>
R. G. Davies	<i>Handicraft</i>
P. A. W. Edwards	<i>English, Mathematics, Science</i>

L. D. Elks

J. P. Forrester

J. R. Fuller

N. H. Glines

R. A. Hinkel

T. G. Inchley

R. A. Iipman

M. A. Mansell

J. A. Methiss

R. D. Pryce

Geography

Science

Music

Art

French, Latin

Art

Geography, Science

English

Latin

Handicraft

J. M. Rennie

S. R. Rinsler

J. S. Robbins

B. J. Samuels

P. D. Schulman

P. J. Shaw

N. W. Smith

P. W. Van Heeswyk

R. D. Watson

R. D. Woolerton

E. R. Wright

Art

Mathematics

Handicraft

Art

History

English

Music

French, German

Mathematics, Science

Handicraft

Art

CAROL SERVICE

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

Outside the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields there were nothing but boys, boys, boys everywhere—on the pavement, on the steps, and in the doorways: so many that they almost outnumbered the pigeons . . .

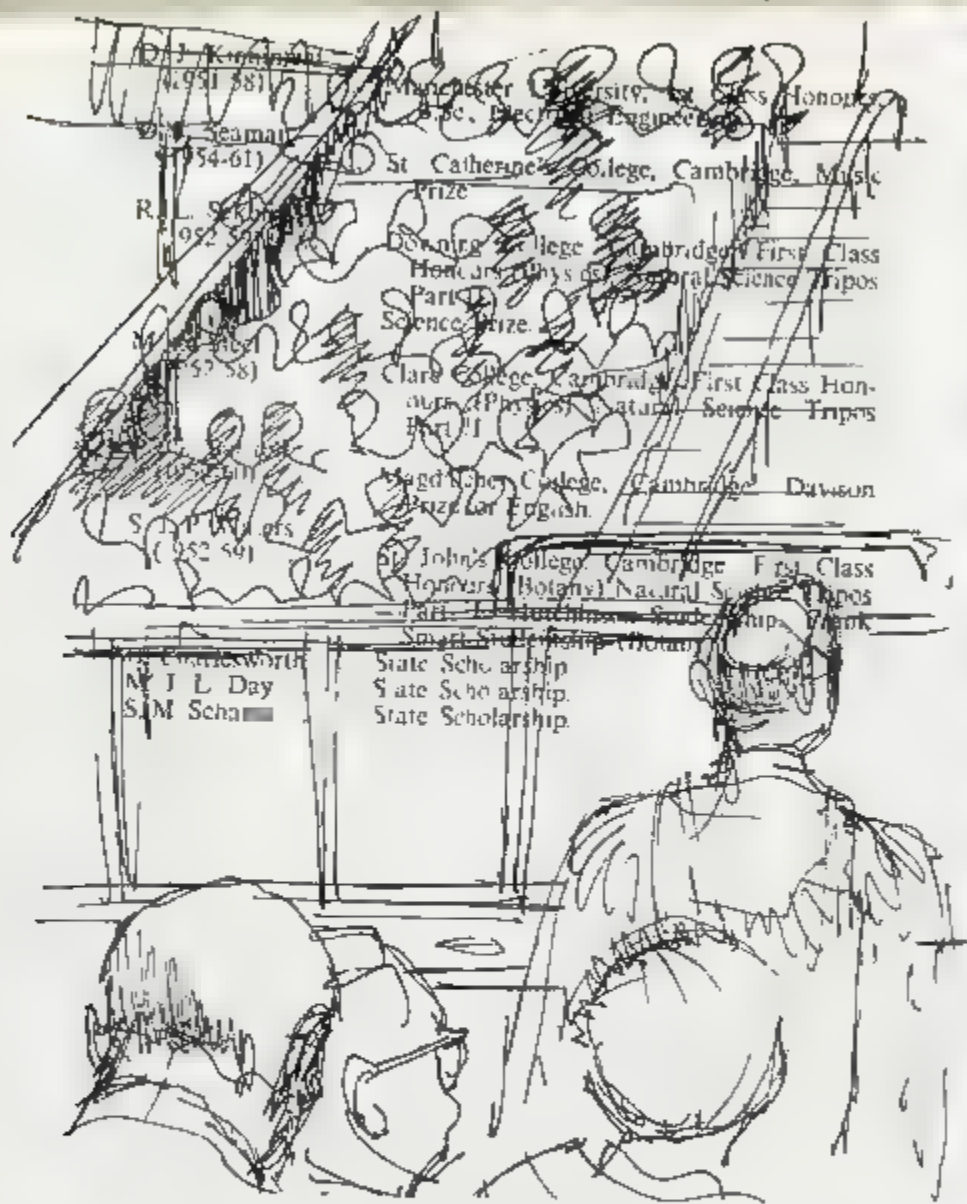
I go into the Church, crushed on all sides by other boys. Once inside, there is a complete contrast from the busy world outside; instead of the noise of Trafalgar Square there is the quietness of the Church; even the Junior School Boys are awed for a change.

I find my seat at the back near the door, and look around the building. The scaffolding has gone, the roof is repaired. Those peculiar little boxes down the side aisles, just like sheep-pens! The high back of that last-but-one row, so high that people in the back row can hardly see over it! Little bench seats all round the side of the Church . . .

Three o'clock and the procession emerges. First come the crossbearers and the servers, then the readers, then the Choir, strangely angelic in their cassocks and surplices; then the Staff in their many-coloured hoods. The procession halts as the first verse of the opening hymn is sung by a solo treble voice, and the procession moves on.

The Church becomes warmer and the seats harder as the service moves on, with the traditional alternation of Carol and Lesson. Members of the public are endlessly going and coming at the back of the Church. There are old women with shopping baskets; a couple who stay about ten seconds and then depart rapidly; another elderly couple who put something in the collection before they go.

At last my moment arrives; "O come, all ye faithful," and the collection must be taken. I walk to the front of the Church and pass my plate along the second row; wait for one coming along the first row—What is that boy doing with it?—it's moving again now!—I pass it down the third row, and receive



COMMENDATION DAY

by L. J. Broderick, Esq.



THE NATIVITY

by R. Lamb, I^r

mine back from the fourth. I walk to the back of the Church to join the other collectors, and we move down the centre aisle in twos, and put the money into the alms dish. I am last and by that time there is quite a pile; from the corner of my eye, I see the First Formers goggling at the amount of money.

Back to my seat to listen to the sermon—not a Bishop this time, but the Master of the Company, who is in orders. As might be expected, it is an evangelistic sermon, and he has some reasonable points. The sermon is not too long, and we proceed to the last hymn and the Blessing. Then the procession leaves, and it is all over for another year.

As I leave the Church, I am brought back into the hustle and bustle of the world outside—thousands of starlings twittering in the eaves of the church, the rush-hour traffic building up, a fire-engine rushing past with bell ringing and lights flashing, and I realize that this was my last School Carol Service.

J.E.F

THE RICH NATIONS AND THE POOR

Man does not live by bread alone, the Bible tells us, but without bread he does not live—for bread is life! In Asia, Africa and South America literally millions go hungry every day and all they have to consume by way of protein is less than half of what we customarily eat every day before we regard ourselves as fed. In 1961 famine killed between ten and twenty thousand people in the Congo alone, revealing to a startled world how thin is the margin between starvation

and survival for the under-privileged in the under-developed countries. In contrast to this is the fact that one sixth of the world—our part of the world; those who “never had it so good”—enjoys two thirds of the world’s present food and wealth. This disparity is aggravated by many Western nations who restrict food supplies to hold prices: for instance, Britain’s surplus milk—roughly 800 million gallons per annum which are sold at half price for animal food or thrown away—could save lives!

For the purposes of destruction in the “interest” of defence, the world is spending over 90 million pounds sterling every day on armaments—that is approximately one thousand pounds for each baby born. What could not these enormous sums do towards the annihilation of disease and the abolition of hunger? Consider the plight of the many in these extracts from G. W. Target’s description of the “World in Want” exhibition held last year in St. Martin-in-the-Field’s: “. . . a boy, his ribs stark, his belly swollen, his thin arms brittle as charred wood, sitting by the dead body of his mother in the dry grass of Africa—she may only be sleeping but has little to wake for . . . another boy with yaws, his face a growth of erupting red berries already stinking of putrescence . . . lepers, corroded and the bestial, their fingers, hands, toes and feet rotting away, leaving soft stems of pain, the mind and the spirit decaying with the flesh, the clouds of flies swirling and settling, as hands without hope paw and scratch . . . the eyes of a girl with trachoma weeping into the futile night of blindness . . . two squatting naked and verminous in a filthy gutter, soup bowls empty, and none to come, not today, not tomorrow . . .” In these places, while the rich of the world

grow richer, they become poorer: they have never "had it so bad."

In the face of this barrage of horrific facts can we remain impassive or absolve ourselves of responsibility with apologies like "I am too small and uninfluential"? Despite our apparent ineffectiveness, we can all make some contribution to help salve the cry of the sick and assuage the hunger of wretched. Yaws with its hurtful sores can today be cured by penicillin (one injection costs 4d); tuberculosis can be prevented by B.C.G. vaccine (1d. protects each child); trachoma may be controlled by antibiotic ointment (1s. 5d.) and leprosy arrested by sulphone drugs (7s. 2d. can provide sufficient tablets to treat one person for a year, often effecting a cure); 5s. provides enough powdered milk to give fifty children one large glass of milk for one week—these are just a few examples of what small contributions can do.

In the Summer Term we made a special effort on behalf of the "War on Want," and this was quite a success—let us make a tradition of this and do even better! It is by small bodies trying in this way to help their more unfortunate fellow humans, that the terrible lack of awareness which prevails generally will disappear. If on the other hand nothing is done and the situation remains unchanged, not only shall we have ignored our social and international responsibilities but increased the possibilities of perpetual strife. As Hilary Marquand bluntly put it: "To free the world from hunger is an essential necessity if we are to free it from war; for a world divided into rich nations growing richer and poor nations growing poorer can not long remain at peace." The choice is ours.

P. WESCOTT.

SCHOOL CHARITY 1962

COLLECTIONS

	£	s.	d.
Carol Service (St. Martin's Christmas Fund, 1961)	74	13	0
Remembrance Day Poppies (1962)	21	19	3
Alexandra Rose Day	9	6	5
School Confirmation Service (Bishop of St. Albans Ordination Fund ...)	19	11	3
War on Want ...	100	0	0
Barcelona Flood Relief Fund	17	13	3
World Council of Churches Refugees Camp	10	5	0
Oxford Committee for Famine Relief	60	0	0
Imperial Cancer Research Fund	50	0	0
United Nations Pest Control	20	0	0

DONATIONS

United Nations Children's Fund	5	0	0
National Fund for Polio Research	5	0	0
National Spastics Society	5	0	0
Church of England Children's Society	5	0	0
The Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust	5	0	0
The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association	5	0	0
League of Pity (N.S.P.C.C.)	5	0	0
Royal National Life-Boat Institution	5	0	0
The British Red Cross Society	5	0	0
St. John Ambulance Brigade	5	0	0
The Jewish Board of Guardians	5	0	0
Infantile Paralysis Fellowship	5	0	0
British Leprosy Relief Association	5	0	0
The Mayor of Harrow's Old People's Christmas Fund	5	0	0
The Mayor of Hendon's Old People's Christmas Fund	5	0	0
The Mayor of Finchley's Old People's Christmas Fund	5	0	0
The Mayor of Willesden's Old People's Christmas Fund	5	0	0
The Mayor of Wembley's Old People's Christmas Fund	5	0	0
The Society of Schoolmasters	5	0	0
British Epilepsy Association	5	0	0
The Ramer Foundation (London Police Court Mission)	5	0	0

Mental Health Research Fund	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
Great Ormond Street Children's Christmas Fund	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
The Fund for Thalidomide Babies	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
The Leonard Cheshire Homes	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
					£508	7	2

CORIOLANUS

"Coriolanus" (late in the canon) is a crude, uncertain play. It is a socio-political investigation lumbered with the concept of a tragic hero. Warlike glories, chauvinistic certainties—the world of the "Henry's" (Tudor Myth, and all that)—are no go. The tragic world, with its psychological centre and its universal fringe, is not explored here. Was "Julius Caesar" the first of the genre? But "Julius Caesar" still revolved around individuals, around internal conflict, with Brutus its muted hero. Its impact is still considerably that of another kind of play. And after "Coriolanus", although the plays are full of non-characters, they are the "romance" plays whose medium is fantasy.

My only excuse for these reflections is that they were prompted by the production of "Coriolanus" which is under review. It is a play which it is easier to tamper with than to leave alone. (One can push it in the direction of tragedy, or in the direction of comedy; one can make the people the hero—their only fault innocence, or the aristocracy the hero—their only fault soft-heartedness). What a production should do, and what Mr. Moody's production did do, is to present the play as it is—and I am not being funny (well, not very)

when I suggest that what it is, is Shakespeare's "Chips With Everything." Less biased, perhaps,—in fact, not biased at all—but still a grotesque, savage and edifying parody of class-conflict.

If this is the sort of play it is, then the clash of classes, the severe contrasting of groups of people, is of the first importance. And here this production excelled. The shallow clubmanship of the senators (a fine touch was their polite ripple of applause for their dictator) and the gormless vacillation of the plebs were driven against each other, and driven home, by a very skilful management of the crowd and group scenes. The plebs were the best mob I have ever seen in a school production. Perfectly controlled indiscipline; differentiation within the mob enough to charge it with life but not to distract (I remember a hopping hunchback); a simple but effective use of the raised stage to suggest who was on top at any one time; ragged motley in autumnal tints (dead leaves?) against the pillared whiteness of the senators (costumes were very good throughout, except that the Romans and Volscies appeared to share the same military badge); *real* crowd noises—no traces of delinquent rhubarbery; and everyone *with it*. Crowds take up a lot of space on the programmes and not much elsewhere. This crowd deserves specific congratulation.

The rushing sweeps of the plebs and the careful grouping of the senators would not have been so readily achieved at Westbere Road—and the new, large stage, besides being used by Mr. Moody for striking pictorial and dramatic human effects, allowed Mr. P. J. Clulow to design a most impressive set. Spiked war-tents on the sky-line (often in silhouette)

threaten the opposed cities; a bad dream when not a fact. And the architectural sets (Rome/Corioles-Antium) were attractive without being distracting, static pieces of *functional* realism, around which the play's action was fluent, modulations of mood and switches of locale being easily asserted by imaginative and effective lighting (Mr. J. A. D'Arcy, et al.). —Though I have one quarrel here over interpretation: I feel that "dark" Volscies and "light" Romans rather over-emphasised the specific conflict. War is a theme—but not really a *particular* war. This is not a clash of ideologies. The war-tents made the proper point. Facial lighting, incidentally was sometimes avoidably weak—lighting rehearsals are rarely adequate in pressurised School productions.

And the characters? They are, of course, crudely written; on the whole, properly so, in view of what the play is trying to do, though there is downright carelessness. (See Middleton Murry on Aufidius—compare the gossiping, flighty Valeria with her description by Coriolanus in the intercession scene: "The Moon of Rome: chaste as the icicle . . ." Even Volumnia presents problems.) How crudely should they be played? I feel that one or two opportunities for that variety which enhances credibility were missed. Coriolanus should have made more of his ironic speech: "Away my disposition, and possess me Some harlot's spirit . . ." He is given too little scope for shading for any chance to be neglected. Volumnia, too, persuading her son to diplomacy, might have offered us a more marked contrast with her usual tones of bloody encouragement, and in the intercession scene it was not at all clear whether she was meant to be pulling out all the stops as sheer artifice or whether she had

really been brought up against the effects of her own philosophy.

However, J. S. Ratcliffe's version of Coriolanus was thoroughly acceptable; at times, particularly during the second half, even impressive. He had a fine carriage, the right stature, and a good carrying voice. He was properly monstrous. The economic imagery of dearth and superfluity which packs the opening of the play demands the most obvious polarity between the deficient plebs and the excessive Coriolanus. He is crammed full with arrogance: they are deficient of the most ordinary self-respect. Ratcliffe's performance was simple and appropriate. Only in one respect did he mar the image. He seemed distinctly nervous during his fighting scenes (perhaps because one combatant had shed copious blood on the first night¹ and I do not think he should ever have been allowed to retreat before the plebeian "fragments"—Coriolanus would have been more likely to pick a couple of them up and toss them back at their fellows: he "turns his back" on them—he doesn't run away.

P. G. Steinlauf (was his the deepest voice on the stage?) made a striking Volumnia, but the potentialities of his voice were never properly realised. He was neither awesome nor persuasive enough: rather a stilted dowager. One of the more remarkable performances was that of D. M. Marks as Menenius. His voice was nothing like as old as his appearance and gait (he is only fifteen) and the senile quirks of the character were not fully exploited, but it was a performance of great intelligence and consistency: he will be a very good actor. The Tribunes were excellent. They were most effectively contrasted. Sicinius Velutus (R. C. Lack) was

powerfully controlled, smooth, persuasive, politic; Junius Brutus (D. A. Watkinson) was bitter, snarling, twitching, cankered. One could readily foresee a split in this Labour Party; or, again, one thought of pre- and post-television politicians. Both performances were carefully studied and fully developed. If there was a hint too much of the grotesque in Junius it was an error of taste rather than a failure of technique.

Aufidius (G. S. B. Hausman), darkly moustached, looked villainous at his first appearance—which made it easier to swallow the later perfidy of Coriolanus' alter ego. This is an impossible part, unless the play itself is to be twisted into burlesque. If it is a cynical revelation of the immoral infant-ism which underlies the hunting classes' loud talk of honour, the message is too carelessly related to character. That this Aufidius was at all plausible is tribute enough.

Titus and Cominius (R. F. Howard and J. A. Cooper) were adequate, but smaller parts need more thought than is sometimes realised. There is not much one can say about Virgilia and Valeria—except to wish that more care had been taken with Virgilia's wig. Every effort should be made to ensure that the women at least *look* passably female. Generally, the make-up was good. J. S. Taylor was a convincing enough little boy—but then he is a little boy. I think the producer could have given him more to do in the scene with Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria. Some of his butterfly-mamocking tendencies might have been made apparent.

The music, in both composition and execution was excellent and was perfectly used to supplement moments of riot, mutiny and threat. All in all, the production was a solid

success: an uncertain play, certainly produced. If the play's faults were not concealed, nor were its merits distorted in the interests of gimmickry.

SPECTATOR

CAST

Caius Marcius	...	...	...	...	J. S. Ratchffe
Titus Lartius	...	...	...	...	R. F. Howard
Cominius	...	...	...	...	J. A. Cooper
Menenius Agrippa	...	...	...	...	D. M. Marks
Sicinius Velutus	...	...	...	...	R. C. Lack
Junius Brutus	...	...	...	...	D. A. Watkinson
Son to Coriolanus	...	...	...	...	J. S. Taylor
Tullus Aufidius	...	...	...	...	G. S. B. Hausman
Volumnia	...	...	...	...	P. G. Steinlauf
Virgilia	...	...	...	...	G. D. E. Northam
Valeria	...	...	...	...	R. G. Mawbey

Roman and Volscian Soldiers, Citizens, Senators, Messengers, Attendants, etc:—

J. Barker, G. H. Bell, H. H. Bell, M. R. Beveridge, A. L. Bird, C. G. Blake, S. P. Brook, P. R. Cannon, M. J. Deall, M. B. Dobson, J. E. Edwards, S. Edwards, H. D. L. Evans, C. R. Fradd, M. P. Green, M. L. J. Harris, A. R. Kerpel, S. E. G. Lea, J. M. Lyon, W. R. McGregor, D. R. Medcalf, M. P. Mire, T. A. Morris, I. P. Rickword, G. J. K. Rixon, A. P. Rothbart, R. L. Saatchi, L. J. Shindler, V. K. Singh, A. J. Spiro, D. M. Thomas, D. N. Vogel, A. Wallin, P. Winney.

BACKSTAGE

Call Boy	...	...	...	...	M. H. Templeman
Prompter	...	...	...	...	C. R. Griffin-Beale
Properties	...	...	...	...	N. R. Cooper
Lino Block by	...	...	...	...	R. F. Howard
Lighting	..	J. A. D'Arcy Esq	R. A. Fisher	M. J. Harris	J. A. Lang

Make-up and Costumes	Miss E. M. Jagoe, B. P. Fitzgerald Esq., M. J. Deall, M. B. Dobson, W. R. McGregor, N. M. Gann, I. P. Rickword, A. J. Spiro
Set designed by	... P. J. Clulow Esq.,
and constructed with the help of	... G. P. Davies, R. G. Davies, R. W. Lamb, T. R. Woolnough
Painted by	... K. G. Cresswell, D. M. S. Jones
Music for Brass composed by	... K. W. Hitchcock
Played by	... R. G. Prior, P. P. Davies, J. S. B. Aaronson <i>trumpets</i> , D. Smith, A. J. McGregor <i>trombones</i> , D. J. Frost <i>drums</i> : ... S. C. Gruner
Stage Manager	... T. L. Sanderson Esq.
Adviser on Roman Affairs	... I. Lister Esq.
Publicity Manager	... B. P. Fitzgerald Esq.
Business Manager	... H. L. B. Moody Esq.
Producer	

"BACKSTAGE"

Only half the men and women, it seems, could ever really be players. The rest would be required as Producers, Designers, Scenery constructors, Property men, Callboys, Prompters, Lighting Technicians, Make-up artists, Scenery painters, Wardrobe supervisors, Musicians, Technical Advisers, Programme Printers or even Caterers and Cleaners.

The real significance of this elementary truth is not yet evident when, at the end of the Summer Term, some of the School's senior artists, spurred on by Broderick the all-inspiring, begin to think about designing for the next School Play. Some time in October, the fruits of our thought are put on parade and inspected. They are, it transpires, all delightfully impracticable.

However, the will to participate is there, and this will also appear plentifully in other fields. Soon a surprisingly large number of boys is engaged in at least some of the above occupations. The noise of their work drowns even the sighs of relief from members of staff who might otherwise have had to do the job. Yet another tumult starts—that of actors rehearsing mob scenes on the stage, under which we are working. The weeks slip by in a happy cacophony.

They slip by all right. One day we find we have two weeks to go with about two months' work still on hand. The fun really starts. The scenery goes up on stage and stays there, and over it swarm the ever-growing number of boys, all working like fury by day and night, all getting in one another's way. My job is scene painting, I started this as a sideline from my usual activity of poster work. I now give up posters entirely. We all get the feeling that the ideal would be to give up school-work, homework, sleeping and eating. It would also be a help if those actors could be stopped from holding their tiresome rehearsals on our stage. Time available remains limited, however, and we work on as best we can, staying sane by pure effort of will-power. "The trouble with the stage-bug," observes someone with the detached knowledgeability of an economist on television, "is that once it bites you, it never leaves you." Those who have time to do so, stop work and howl. Things are done elsewhere, too. The press hisses and crashes as programmes are printed. Make-up boys cluster round their victims. Posters appear on the walls. People are even buying tickets for the performance.

Almost without our noticing it, things are taking shape. We gradually find we know what to do, (even if we can't do it). Then comes the first dress rehearsal, and we go out in front to have a look.

The shock is tremendous. We realize that, although nothing is perfect, only finishing touches are now needed. The scenery stands up, the lights work, and the script actually comes to life on the stage. It is a wonderful moment when we realize how much has in fact been achieved by so many individuals. It is a moment which makes up for all that battling with time and materials.

The trouble with the stage-bug is that it *has* bitten us

D M S J

KEMP MEMORIAL LIBRARY

The first duty of this report is to record belated, but none the less sincere, thanks to all the librarians who left at the end of the Summer Term, 1962. In particular, we should like to thank the Senior Librarian, P. M. Felix, for his work over several years in many spheres in the Library and for

the contribution it has made, with that of the other librarians, to the life of the School.

The book stock of the Library continues to grow and (it is believed) improve in usefulness. During the three terms of 1962 over 800 books were added and a start made in building up various subjects represented on the shelves. Re-classification of English Language and Literature and the Biological Sciences is nearly completed, and during this School year it is hoped to re-arrange and catalogue more of the Library.

We wish to record our thanks for donations of books and money from authors, old boys of the School and members of the Staff and School. Amongst the books donated are the following:

VOGEL, A. I. A textbook of quantitative inorganic analysis, 3rd edition.

INTER-VARSITY FELLOWSHIP. New Bible Commentary.

INTER-VARSITY FELLOWSHIP. New Bible Dictionary.

HUILLET d'ISTRIA, Madeleine. "Le maitre demoulins," a volume of "La peinture francaise de la fin du Moyen Age."

AUGUSTA, J. and BURIAN, Z. Prehistoric animals.

With money donated, we have purchased a set of fifty-five volumes of the "Great Books of the Western World" published by Encyclopaedia Britannica, and "The Dawn of Civilization: the first world survey of human cultures in early times," edited by Stuart Piggott.

In addition to donations, the School is grateful to members and past members of the School for the return of books missing from the Library shelves. Over eighty volumes have been returned since July, 1962, some titles of which have been replaced by new copies because of the absence of the originals and the demand to use them. We cannot stress too much how important it is that books are not removed from the Library and we appeal to any other members, past and present, who are in possession of other such books, to return them—anonymously, if preferred.

LIBRARIANS

Senior Librarian:

I. R. Burrage

Sub-Librarians:

C. G. Blake, M. J. Bowen, C. R. Fradd, S. J. Wasserman

Assistant Librarians:

J. A. Cooper, A. S. Fox, R. E. Knight, N. C. Mason,
R. L. Saatchi

Junior Librarians:

C. J. Birks, J. R. A. Byard, D. M. Dymond, N. M. Gann,
T. R. Woolnough

K.G.C.



CORIOLANUS

There's some among you have beheld me fighting.
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

THE END



"THE WRESTLERS"

See page 73

EXCAVATIONS

FROM PENNE'S PLACE TO "THE WRESTLERS"

The moats of Penne's Place, a Tudor mansion inhabited by one of Henry VIII's judges, were the scene of eager activity in July. The search yielded sufficient evidence in pieces of pot and tile to confirm the existence of a nearby building. It also proved that, to study history at Haberdashers', one needs not merely the proverbial pair of sturdy boots but also some mosquito repellent. One "archaeologist" was fully occupied in tending a fire to keep the mosquitoes away.

Obviously more practice in excavation was needed if we were to undertake the very difficult work of finding and excavating the site of the house itself. We therefore spent the Autumn Term exploring the well and then the foundations of "The Wrestlers," a public house situated behind the Second XI score box. It was demolished before Lord Aldenham enclosed more ground and built "The Battle Axes" in 1889.

We have obtained a photo of "The Wrestlers" but written evidence is sparse. A copyhold claim in 1800 shows that the occupier was Charles Nicholls, a bricklayer and carpenter, one of a well known Aldenham family which provided a number of parish clerks and victuallers in the Eighteenth Century. We know that there were four rooms on the ground floor and three on the first, and that there was a bar and parlour adjoining, and a lean-to for carts, with stables for seven cows or horses. "The Wrestlers" will provide us with plenty of practice before we return to try to unravel the mystery of Penne's Place.

In all this fascinating detective work, we have been extremely fortunate to have the wise guidance and generous advice of Professor Swinnerton, who has given freely of his time and experience. We are all greatly indebted to him for his leadership.

J R A

NOTES ON THE FINDS

Last term the Archaeological Group turned its attention to Penne's Place and the system of moats associated with it. Fortunately that branch of the system which adjoins the football field was dry and the group was able to excavate a trench across it. This showed that the original moat had been widened when the water gardens were established. The bottom of the moat was, however, undisturbed and contained old-fashioned bricks and roofing tiles together with middle eighteenth century pottery fragments. Evidently the remains of an old building are present in that vicinity.

This term the group excavated an old well only a little distance away from the moat. In this two layers of building materials were found. The upper one yielded modern bricks and roofing tiles; the lower yielded nicely shaped building stone, thin slabs of sandstone, and purple slates of a type which are found in Charnwood Forest. Between these layers, pottery was found, including a stoneware bottle, a brown glazed dish decorated with white slip, and portions of several glass bottles. Resting on the floor of the well was more late Victorian pottery—a small porcelain bowl decorated with gold, large fragments of plates and a perfect medicine bottle issued in the early days of a well-known firm of Pharmacists.

All these must have been associated with "The Wrestlers" public house which was destroyed here about the year 1890.

H H.S

AMERICAN MESSAGE

Some recent undiplomatic remarks by a once highly placed fellow American—an expert at diplomacy—have moved me to take advantage of this forum. Luckily, far less notice will be taken of *my* words, so that no great harm can come of them.

Let me say, first of all, that we Americans have never forgotten what we owe to Britain. Spiritually, yours has never ceased to be the mother country. Though this is my first visit to England, part of me has lived here ever since I learned to read. So many of our great writers have come here to refresh their inspiration—Hawthorne, Poe, Emerson, Henry James, Robert Frost and T. S. Eliot, to name only a few.

If we Americans are today proud of our way of life, it is because your country set us on the right path. The men who signed the Declaration of Independence were Englishmen standing up for what they deemed their rights as Englishmen. Our Constitution is descended in a straight line from your Magna Carta. And we are not likely to forget the blood we shed together in two terrible world wars.

Since I came here in late August last year, I have been tremendously impressed with many tokens of continued English vitality. There is so much building going on everywhere, not of factories and office buildings and homes only,

but of universities too. What a mad, gay, buzzing, blooming place London is! To stand on any corner in the centre of the city is to feel oneself at the pulsating heart of the world. What a power of people swirl through your underground! What colourful crowds surge down your streets—turbaned Indians, veiled Moslem women, Africans in tribal dress, beatniks and beaux! And amidst a confusion of careering cars an Englishman in striped trousers and bowler, an umbrella hung from his arm, pedals down the Strand on his bicycle.

Above all, I admire your countrymen for their deep concern for humankind. I have seen it in the hospitality which has been extended me at Haberdashers' and everywhere I have gone. I have seen it in policemen and hospital attendants, dustmen and bank managers; among people of all ages and stations.

It is England's greatness, I think, that she has refused to put her trust in "iron shard and reeking tube." George Orwell points out that Britons have starved rather than turn to military careers in peacetime. Despite Lord Russell, you worry about nuclear deterrents, but national health service, free milk for schoolchildren, council houses and university scholarships come first.

Greatness shines forth not only in world-shaking issues but in little things, like the gift for recognizing the absurd. A country that holds on to its sense of humour is not likely to lose its nerve, and surely one of the most delightful things about you is the easy way you laugh at pomposity, be it American or British. You even joke about the weather on this blessed island—a considerable feat.

Your weather, of course, deserves a paragraph of its own.

I'm sure that a case could be made for the thesis that Shakespeare wrote his comedies in summer, his tragedies in the bleakness of a winter without central heating. And yet, where but in England can you have snow scenes without snowfall?

Happily, I saw none of you cast down as that pall of fog came over us in early December. Rather, you found joy in shortened schooldays and the white beauty of the frost which lay over the countryside. Perhaps this knack for making a virtue of fog and frost is a symbol of what is best in the British spirit.

J. J. LURIA

ROUNABOUT HOP

From the rush to complete arrangements on the Saturday afternoon of 15th December, prospects for the success of the School Dance were dim. The "behind-the-scenes" frenzy, however, gave way to the smooth public exterior about half an hour before the start.

In an effort to build "atmosphere" into an essentially "cold" hall, the floor area was limited by large numbers of tables and a huge centrepiece, and very low lighting was used. Most of the light, in fact, came from the spots played on to the set piece and stage.

An informal feeling was created by the Band starting about fifteen minutes before time, playing some swing numbers as people arrived. Evidence indeed that they were here to enjoy themselves as well, and not on just "another job." The balance within the group was not too good, and it was very difficult for a small band to fill such a big hall with sound.

The first part was fairly poor, for most people had gone to sample the excellent refreshments offered by Miss Savill and her staff, at a running buffet in the music rooms. The running buffet was a new idea, incidentally, along with that of non-stop dancing.

The second half warmed up very well, and the floor soon became quite crowded, with well over two hundred present.

The highlight of the evening, judging by the audience response, was a "feature number" for the drummer. This was, however, by no means anywhere near the exceptionally high standard expected from this performer, the solo being cliché-ridden and coarse, an obvious example of "playing to the crowd."

The band then swung into some Jazzy numbers, and stopped after a waltz when the drummer leaped screaming to the foreground and shot the band—a somewhat unusual ending. At this point all the lights went out. From the darkness, a single plaintive cry was heard—"Good old Jim!" Oh, well, at least one satisfied customer.

THE CENTREPIECE

The idea of a set piece in the centre of the Hall, after the fashion of an Arts Ball, was proposed by Mr. L. J. Broderick, and it was also designed by him. It took the shape of a roundabout, seventeen feet high and thirteen feet in diameter, with four horses, entirely sculptured in cane, taped together by cotton tape.

A vast number of boys spent a great deal of time, spread over four and a half weeks, making sections of this. The work was uninspiring at first, for nothing seemed to show for

it, but it eventually began to take some shape. Form and flow of movement was frequently subtly presented by the lines followed by strips of cane.

The whole thing could not be viewed until it was actually erected in the hall, and the structure looked pretty shaky when it was up, requiring at least three guys to hold it.

It was decided not to cover the structure, but to let the flow of the cane speak for itself; and, with blue, green, red and amber spots played on to each horse, and the main structure in semi-darkness, it looked very unimpressive indeed. Coloured paper manes and tails were the only additions necessary.

J E.B

RUGBY FOOTBALL

CAPTAIN'S REPORT

When the season opened, prospects for this season were not very good; only two colours remained from last year but there were four other players with regular first team experience. It was obvious that the chief requirements for the First Fifteen were going to be two second row players, and a satisfactory combination at half-back. Both of these gaps were filled before the first match.

The season resolved itself into two parts, depending on the weather. For the first six games and last two, the weather was dry and fine, and the team played well. For the intervening six games we had wet pitches and a wet ball, and, because of the basic lack of size and weight of the team, we had the worst of the results

The season opened with two very good Away wins over City of London School and Bedford Modern, always a difficult side to beat. Both victories were narrow, depending on a crucial kick, but a pleasing feature of the play was the excellent tackling by everyone, and the covering of the back row, especially by Smith. The partnership at half-back between Evans and Menezies had also quickly settled down.

The third game against St. Dunstan's was very unfortunate since we were very much on top but were unable to score, and the opposition scored two breakaway tries from inside their own "25." This was due to missed tackles in the threequarters, which was surprising after the good defence in the first two games.

The following three games showed a return to our previous form. Defence was good and we took our chances well. The results were two wins against Trinity School and Eltham College and a narrow loss against a better side at Bancroft's School.

The tight scrums were going well by now with Skinner hooking brilliantly at times and a hard low shove coming from the second-row men, Serota and Holt. In the Line-out we were also doing much better than expected, with fine jumping by Serota and good support from Owen and Harris and No 8, Cotton. Against Eltham both wings, Burt and Chen, scored fine tries, which was very pleasing. In the first six matches the threequarters were playing soundly rather than brilliantly, but nevertheless had scored all the points up to this time. Unfortunately Evans suffered a knee injury against Bancroft's, thus disrupting a fine partnership with Menezies.

Then came the tour and the rain. The tour was not very

successful as far as results go and this was largely due to two things. Firstly the other sides were better, and secondly there was a falling off in our play, especially in the pack, Skinner excepted. In the threequarters we did not get much of the ball, and when we did, the kick and rush tactics we employed for the rain did not altogether prove successful.

The first game after the tour was against a young Royal Masonic side and saw several experiments in the side. Smith who had continued to play well at open side was introduced into the centre. Hovell was moved to full-back and Harris, who had been one of the real successes of the season at full-back was moved to fly-half. The result of all this was a good win, with Chen scoring two fine tries from the wing.

The next two matches at St. Albans and Berkhamsted were played under terrible conditions and both were lost against better teams. The new threequarters were not given a chance and the forwards were outplayed by larger, stronger packs.

The second bad injury we sustained was to Skinner who had the misfortune to chip his ankle bone after having played well all the season, and was thereafter reduced to a vociferous maniac on the touch line. Fortunately we had a very able substitute in Tucker, who had been leading the second fifteen very competently.

Then the pitches began to dry out and we began to play well again. Against Queen Elizabeth's, Barnet, the whole team was back on form and we just managed to win a very hard match, Deitch being in particularly good form.

The final game was against the Old Boys, an almost traditional victory for them. This was probably one of the

best performances of the season. Hovell scored a perfect try from the wing, Harris played an excellent game at full back and all the forwards played themselves into the ground. Our defence also returned to the heights of the first two games and we only succumbed to far greater weight and power in the last ten minutes. Despite a nasty injury, Menezies played well, as he had all the season. He is a very good man to have as a Vice-Captain.

A pleasing factor was that any success we had was based on teamwork, and morale, and the will to play attractive football. I am sure that because of the tremendous team spirit and general high standard of fitness the team has enjoyed its rugby this year. It was also rewarding to see so many parents, staff and friends turning up to watch, and I wish more boys would imitate their example.

In conclusion I should like to thank all the other team Captains, who have done a great job this year; all the masters in charge of teams, Mr. Everson with the First Fifteen, Mr. Davies with the Second Fifteen, Mr. Newton with the Third Fifteen, Mr. Dawtrey with the Under Sixteen team, Mr. Welbourne with the Under Fifteen team, and Messrs. Bell and Avery with the Under-Fourteen and -Thirteen teams respectively; finally Mr. Wrench who has helped all teams with their training to good effect.

J MAPLEDEN,
Captain of Rugby Football.

SECOND XV

This has been a most satisfactory and enjoyable season for the Second Fifteen. We were very unlucky not to beat Bedford Modern, with whom we drew, and Berkhamsted to

whom we lost, only very narrowly, 8-6. The Old Boys and St. Dunstons were the only teams that beat us convincingly.

Fortunately most of the team was unchanged throughout the term, enabling the players to get to know one another and build up a good team spirit. This has resulted in a definite improvement in team play as opposed to individual effort.

The pack has played admirably throughout the season especially in the tight, where we often got the better of much heavier opposition. Willshaw, MacLean and Birch always played exceptionally well. Birch captained the side in the latter part of the season admirably.

We were well served by our half-backs, Webb and Bevan, who both played consistently well. The threequarters improved tremendously during the season; Rothnie's elusiveness and Gruner's determined running brought them many tries, but they were somewhat reluctant to pass out to the wings, preferring to see them chase the kick ahead, which was rarely accurate enough for them to gain any advantage.

Both Sorrell and Leverton played in the Full-Back position, with Sorrell's reliability slightly outweighing Leverton's more attacking play.

I wish to thank all those boys who have stood in as reserves during the season, especially Hodgson who has been very unlucky not to get a regular place.

K. TUCKER, *Captain*.

Mention must be made of Tucker who led the team so well until needed to fill a vacancy in the First Fifteen. His enthusiasm, hooking and accurate goal kicking were a spur to the whole team.

D.E.D.

THIRD XV

The moderate showing of the 3rd XV was mainly due to lack of fixtures this season. Five matches and one cancelled fixture was little incentive to team morale. Results were good, considering that only six players kept their position throughout the season, and 28 different boys played at one time or another. However, our existence assisted the senior fifteens by providing able reserves. As a team we had one main fault—we took ten minutes to warm up. Several teams scored all their points in the opening minutes.

The forwards played well, especially in the tight. Hodgson's hooking was always reliable, and he was tenacious in the loose. From the second row Pennington was prominent in lines-out and loose. The speedy opportunism of D. S. B. Clarke at wing forward resulted in several tries. The backs were disappointing. They lacked thrust in attack and tended to panic in defence. Sorrell, Dyke and Ratcliffe were all very good kickers, and the wing position became a sinecure.

Thanks are due to the team, the thirteen "guest stars," to any supporters, and above all to Mr. Newton whose enormous enthusiasm had tangible results.

The fourth XV also played two matches and defied the cynics with an 11-11 draw at U.C.S.

C. FREW, *Captain*.

UNDER 16 XV

The Under 16 XV played a series of closely fought matches which showed both their considerable talent and their tendency to make simple errors. This resulted in no overwhelming triumphs and at the same time no heavy defeats.

The forwards were always reliable and were competently

led by Underwood, who was well supported by a sound and experienced front row of Edwards, Lockhart, and Wood.

Usiskin replaced Evans at stand off, and in time combined with Rixon to provide a reliable link between the pack and threequarters. In general the threequarters improved as the cohesion of the team developed, but unfortunately poor handling often prevented the speed of Travers and Cook being put to good use on the wing. D. B. BUCKNELL, *Captain*.

UNDER 15 XV

On the whole it was a very successful season. The team lost only one match, and that, after a long journey, was lost by five points in the last five minutes.

Because of injuries, we have not been able to field the strongest side available on many occasions. The full-back Haslehurst unfortunately broke his wrist early on in the season and Chambers, the fly-half, has also often been unable to play, but he did turn in a very valuable performance at full-back against Bedford Modern.

J. Barker the wing threequarter had an excellent season, scoring 15 tries and mention should be made of Birch, Templeman and Irvine, who played good attacking rugby.

The pack was hard working and efficient, Withers, Ridehalgh and Hitchcock having a particularly good season.

B. MICHAELS, *Captain*.

Michaels played an excellent game throughout the season and proved himself an able and inspiring Captain. J.W.W.

UNDER 14 XV

Whilst enjoying a successful season, the Under 14 XV had several basic movements to learn at the start of the term,

and many handsome results were achieved more by the weakness of the opposition than their own strength. However it would be unfair to detract too much from the enthusiasm and singlemindedness that has prevailed this term. Certainly towards the end the standard of play was above average. Tackling at this level remains a prime weakness and more particularly in our opponents. This has given the strong-running threequarters ample scope for solo efforts but little practice at concerted movement. City of London in the first match gave the sort of opposition that was wanted, and the result gave both sides an insight into the weaknesses that needed development. The team has been particularly well balanced and in no game has it been outpushed or outrun. Within the pack one can see the makings of outstanding forwards and in the backs, when their hands are a little more educated, a running force that will be stopped only by textbook tackles.

A good season then, with keen students of the game; and one looks forward to the future with the eventual combination of the present Under 14 and 15 sides in what may prove an outstanding first fifteen.

UNDER 13 XV

After a setback at St. Albans the under 13 XV has begun to gain confidence and played some enjoyable and successful matches. The forwards have developed well in learning the basic drills in lineout and scrummage and they achieved a big win over Colet Court on a heavy ground. The threequarters have also improved with experience, though passing still needs great care. In all, an encouraging term.

RESULTS

	1st XV	2nd XV	3rd XV	4th XV	U16 XV	U15 XV	U14 XV	U13 XV
City of London	Won 5-3	Won 11-6	Won 8-6	—	Won 14-3	Won 37-0	Drawn 6-6	—
Bedford Modern	Won 8-6	Drawn 5-5	Won 17-0	—	Lost 3-12	Lost 6-9	Lost 0-3	—
St. Dunstan's	Lost 3-8	Lost 3-13	Lost 6-15	Lost 0-34	—	Won 21-5	Won 11-3	—
Trinity School	Won 6-5	Won 3-0	—	—	Lost 9-14	Won 15-5	Won 21-3	—
Eltham College	Won 12-5	Won 14-10	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bancroft's	Lost 3-5	Lost 6-11	Lost 0-17	—	Drawn 6-6	Won 26-0	Won 44-0	—
Wycliffe College	Lost 0-8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Monmouth	Lost 0-21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Royal Masonic	Won 23-3	Won 24-3	—	—	—	—	—	—
St. A bans	Lost 0-11	Won 13-8	—	—	Won 17-3	Won 8-3	Won 6-0	Lost 0-9
Berkhamsted	Lost 6-10	Lost 5-8	—	—	Lost 3-6	Won 9-3	—	—
St. George's	—	Cancelled	—	—	—	—	—	—
Queen Elizabeth	Won 6-3	Lost 0-6	—	—	Won 15-0	Won 9-8	—	—
Emanuel	Cancelled	Cancelled	—	—	Cancelled	Cancelled	—	Won 12-3
U. C. S	—	Won 27-0	Lost 6-8	Drawn 11-11	—	—	—	—
Wasps' "A"	Lost 14-18	—	—	—	—	—	—	Colet Court Won 27-0
Old Haberdashers	Lost 5-12	Lost 3-26	—	—	—	—	—	—

Played	12	11	5	7	8	8
Won	6	6	2	3	7	6
Drawn	0	1	0	1	0	1
Lost	6	4	3	3	1	1

HOUSE MATCHES

SENIOR XV

Strouts					
Meadows	} Meadows 9-6	} Meadows 12-6	} Meadows 15-5		
Jobbings					
Russells	} Russells 13-3	} Hendersons 3-0			
Calverts					
Hendersons					

HOUSE FINAL

The game was hard fought by two good teams yet clean, enjoyable and entertaining. It was an interesting study in tactics, the back row of Hendersons' scrum and their half backs using the touchline and trying to bottle up Meadows' threequarters. The scrums were fairly evenly contested, Hendersons having more weight but Meadows heeling well. The lineout play was also even but rather scrappy. Although Hendersons gained more possession in the loose play, Meadows' pace and experience in their backs was very evident. Meadows' opened the scoring soon after the start, Chen crossing from a quick passing movement. Maplesden converted the try and later intercepted a pass and raced straight for the line. He converted his try from in front of the posts. The score remained 10-nil until half way through the second half, with play being carried up and down the field. Then, following up a loose rush by Hendersons, Sorrell picked up the ball and worked his way over. His conversion hit an upright but bounced into goal.

Meadows stormed back and a neat overlap in their threequarters gave Williams the chance to outpace the opposition and score a spectacular try beneath the posts. Maplesden converted to make the score 15-5.

TEAMS

FIRST XV

- * Harris, R. M.
- ‡ Howell, P. C.
- ‡ Burt, K. W.
- *** Maplesden, J. (*Captain*)
- † Chen, D.
- † Evans, H. L.
- ** Menezies, C. (*Vice-Captain*)
- ‡ Harris, S.
- * Skinner, R.
- ‡ Owen, N.
- † Serota, N.
- ‡ Holt, P.
- ‡ Deitch, R.
- * Cotton, P.
- * Smith, D.

SECOND XV

- Leverson, N. A.
- Riddy, P. T. A.
- ‡ Rothme, J.
- ‡ Gruner, S.
- ‡ Green, M. A.
- ‡ Bevan, J.
- ‡ Webb, J.
- ‡ Willshaw, D.
- † Tucker, K. (*Captain*)

- ‡ Maclean, A.
- Hammond, J.
- Ridgley, J.
- ‡ Brimmer, M.
- Bongard, J.
- ‡ Birch, R.

THIRD XV

- Edwards, J. F.
- Bellis, C.
- Ratcliffe, J. S.
- Saphur, I.
- Razwi
- Dyke, D.
- Sorrell, M. E.
- ‡ Frew, C. (*Captain*)
- Hodgson
- Robinson
- Pennington, D.
- Magowan, J.
- Clarke, D. S. B.
- Menhinick, N.
- Strange, G.

- * Colours
- † Half-Colours
- ‡ 1st XXX Colours

U16 XV

- Thomas, D. M.
- Cook, G.
- † Bucknell, D. B.
- Vallance, R. L.
- Travers, C.
- Usiskin, N. S.
- Rixon, H. J.
- † Edwards, S. L.
- † Lockhart, A. A.
- Wood, C. R.
- † Savage, R. A.
- † Underwood, K. N.
- † Thomas, M.
- Frost, D.
- Seymour, H. C.

U15 XV

- Haslehurst, G. S.
- Chambers, P.
- † Barker, J.
- Johns, R. A.
- † Templeman, M.
- † Birch, P.
- † Hitchcock, E. A.
- Turnbull, R. F.
- Eades, M. E.
- Bennett, M. J.
- Krause, I.
- † Michaels, B.
- † Withers, C. J.
- † Ridehalgh, M. B.

U14 XV

- * Gaskell, S. G.
- * Rinsler, S. R.
- Rennie, J. R.

- * Seal, B. D.
- * Davis, H. G.
- * Woolerton, R. D.
- * Goy, D. F. C.
- * Higham, A.
- Proffier
- Edwards, P. A. W.
- Clayden, M. A.
- * Van Heeswyk.
- Abrehart, D. J.
- Van den Berg, M. J.
- Watson, R. H.
- * Irvine, M.

U13 XV

- Gaskell, S. G.
- Dennis, N. R.
- Isaacs, D.
- Morgan, D.
- Phipps, A. J.
- Edelman, K. G.
- Foster, R. A.
- MacGregor, A. J.
- Woolerton, R. D.
- Goy, D. F. C.
- Humber, P. F.
- Becker, B. A. H.
- Irvine, M.
- Myers, P. G.
- Mackie, P. S.
- Gair, J. G. R.
- Edwards, J. C.
- Ind, P. W.
- White, K. C. G.

- † Colts Colours
- * Junior Colours

SHOOTING

The team has shot very well this term, especially so because we suffer from the disadvantage of having to use three different ranges. Despite this we have lost only one School match and one League match. The results were as follows:—

v. Aldenham	1st VIII	Won	745-699	Ex. 800
Staniforth Cup	1st VIII		765	Ex. 800
v. Aldenham	1st VIII	Lost	779-781	Ex. 800
v. Royal Masonic	1st VI	Won	1058-962	Ex. 1200
v. Mill Hill	1st VIII	Won	769-768	Ex. 800
v. O.H.R.C.	1st VI	Won	566-565	Ex. 600
	1st VIII	Lost	739-740	Ex. 800

In the Staniforth Cup the 1st VIII came 55th, out of more than 130 entries, a considerable improvement on last year.

The matches against Royal Masonic and the Old Haberdashers, were shot on "British Indoor" targets, which we have been using for the first time this term and some very creditable scores were put up. These new targets have been necessitated by our joining the Hertfordshire League, in which we have started with considerable success, the "A" team being at present third in their division of six, and the "B" team first in theirs.

"A" TEAM RESULTS

v. Hollerith Tabulator "B"	Lost	463-466	Ex. 500
v. Cox of Watford "C"	Won	471-463	Ex. 500

"B" TEAM RESULTS

v. de Havilland (Hatfield) "C"	Won	452-451	Ex. 500
v. Victaulic	Won	449-446	Ex. 500

The following have shot for the School this term:—

J. Freeman (Captain), K. Scotland (Vice-Captain), M. McGeachan, A. Mercer, M. Japp, G. Rumble, B. Hodgson, N. Usiskin, M. Woods, C. North, R. Snowden. J. Waters and G. Davies have also shot.

We should like to thank Mr. FitzGerald for his unfailing support and excellent coaching, the Old Haberdashers' Rifle Club for allowing us to shoot with them on Sundays, and Kingsbury T.A. Centre and Aldenham School for the use of their ranges.

Finally we look forward hopefully to the Spring and even further ahead to the Summer term, when we hope for considerable success on the Open Range with our new rifles

J. E. FREEMAN, *Captain*

CONTRIBUTIONS

ALPINE NIGHT

I left the warm house. The drinkers were almost full now with that warm liquid and they were relaxing, exuberantly chatting to their companions about the long climb which had so occupied their day. I had not been with them and, as I could not share their experience, I felt listless, longing to get out of the stifling, smoke-filled atmosphere

Once outside I felt free—free from all that idle chatter and noise, free to think about things clearly and sensibly. The day had been long and hot. In the mountains the sun seems to confront you everywhere. Even when a peak hides it from view you could still feel the rays, as if they were streaming through the mountain.

In contrast to the day's heat the night was cold. I shivered as I pulled the coat around me. The great firs were quivering as I made my way to the village, two thousand feet below. I remembered the path. Only a week previously the "post-auto" (a mountain post-bus) had ground its painful way up it. That day it had been raining, and I remember seeing the cascades of water pouring down the hillside through the thick mist. Now, with a week of sun, the cascades were reduced to a mere trickle. The moon's eerie light caught the drops as they bounced from ledge to ledge.

I thought what it must be like to be a drop of water—the smallest part of a waterfall. How mighty everything must seem to you, how deafening the roar of the waterfall! Yet you were a part of the waterfall, you were a part of it.

Looking up at the waterfall, my eye was led to the ridge from which it was falling. The ridge led to the peak, which led to . . .

Its jagged outline had a great effect on me. It was silhouetted against the night sky and the firs on it stood out like bristles on a brush. All the while the stars blinked from the coal sky. Their glare was brighter than I had ever seen before, as though at that height I was nearer to them, yet how nearer—four thousand feet nearer?

What is four thousand feet anyway? How far were the

stars from me? A million miles? A billion?

While I puzzled myself with these thoughts the wind was gradually growing stronger. The firs were beginning to sway and the scent from the Alpine flowers, which had previously filled the still air, was wafted away. The wind seemed to fill me as well. I breathed deeply and felt satisfied. Nothing could have moved me from that spot at that moment. It was as though the ground had pushed itself into me. The stars became nearer, the firs bent their quivering branches towards me and the peak injected itself into my head.

Everything seemed to be moving towards me! Without me, the scene would have been nothing. I had something in common with everything—I had been formed—why else were things there? The mountains had been thrown up in some violent earth upheaval millions of years ago, the firs grew, the stars, the moon—who . . . ?

I finally felt as though I could move and make my way back to the house. The noise and twinkling lights attracted my attention and I noticed a figure walking towards me. It was probably Hans. He would ask me what I had been doing and invite me back to the house. How could I explain it to him? It was something which I could not understand and which still haunts my thoughts.

The warmth of the house was welcome to me. I now revelled in the smoke and stifling atmosphere. I shuddered, trying to forget about the experience. Perhaps I shall see one day why I was led from that warm house to the cold night with its hidden mysteries and sensations.

B R S.

LECTURE

Gabble . . . Gabble . . . talk . . . words.
Flat as paper academic attitudes
Flowing from this well-schooled mind
In well trained teaching phrases.
The viewpoint is perfectly adjusted,
Balanced, logical, without a trace
Of bias or unreasonableness.
So smooth, so faultless.
If only he would belch!

Historical factors, critical aesthetics,
All relevant to the question
And faultlessly connected.
His argument leaves one premise
For the next, without a loophole;
Finally proved with a flourish.
Absurd beating of chicken's wings!
Flat, lifeless, talk. Words made of air,
Not taste, smell, shape, like real words,
But less lifelike than a belch.

He stands on his platform alone,
Respected, listened to.

(And he speaks
Some accurate truth). But it's just words!
Take it out of the lecture room, away
From his book, and it dies. But we sit
Attentive, respectfully silent in here,
In this lecture room, sealed from life
Quite passively. He will not belch.

R.C.D.

AESTHETICISM

Bury our artistic treasures
A politician said;
Future generations will want
To know the sort of life we led.
Huge shelters for gems of art
Lined carefully with lead
Will protect these holy objects
From the fate which we all dread.
Our people will gladly pay for them
—A small contribution per head!—
And all will rejoice that art will live
When everybody's dead.

P.A.J.

THE SMOKE

It was a nice day; that is if you think a blue sky, with the sun shining, seventy degrees, and a light cooling breeze make a nice day. Yes, in that way it was a nice day all right, but it was a bad day as well.

It was one of those days when you wake up feeling absolutely lousy. You get out of bed, look out of the window, and see them all standing there. "Look at them!" Standing one after the other, every single one exactly the same; every house the same, in a street which is exactly the same as every other. No, that's not strictly true; our road is a little wider than most, and it has a wider grass verge. The houses are

different as well; after all thirty-seven is painted dark green, thirty-nine is black, forty-one is maroon, forty-three is light green, and forty-five is actually primrose yellow, and what about forty-seven? They've got a glass-fronted porch protecting their front door, and a green house at the back. How about that for being different? "That's better than the average status symbol!"—Yes, it was one of those days when you feel like getting a field gun, and blowing the whole lousy lot out of existence. On the other hand it could be you that's wrong, and not them, so you feel like climbing into a giant-sized?—jumbo-sized?—economy sized?—or perhaps even king sized, brown paper bag, (depending on whether it is giant, jumbo, economy, or king-sized which is in fashion at the time) and blowing the bag up as big as it will go, and then popping it, just as you pop an ordinary paper bag. Then, by rights you should disappear when you pop it, by some sort of magic, but of course you don't, and you are still there, feeling as lousy as ever.

Yes, it was a bad day all right; one of those days when you know every single thing you do, from the time you get up, until the time you finally go to sleep, is going to go wrong. You know what I mean? Yes, it was a bad day all right; the type of day that ought to have been Friday the thirteenth.

I got up and had breakfast. Who on earth thought of having greasy bacon and eggs for breakfast? Cornflakes or Weetabix. I don't mind, but greasy fried stuff at eight o'clock in the morning. "Ugh!" It ought to be banned. Why can't we be civilised like the French, and have something which won't turn your stomach over, even when you're just thinking about it?—I had a wash and got dressed to go out,

but it was one of those days when you feel a scruff whatever you wear.

I walked out of the door and up the street, past all the other zombies crawling to work. They ought to ban work on Mondays, and they ought to ban caravans travelling on the roads on Saturdays as well. My old man said that, and he ought to know; he is a real expert. There is absolutely no one better than he at driving up the middle of the road, straddling the white line. You know, I'm sure he thinks that there is some sort of extra power in those lines, which is transmitted to the underside of his car, just like the trains get their power from one of the rails on the railways. You must give him his due though; he does leave the white line when he comes to a traffic island;—but then he couldn't do much else could he?—I suppose actually he could drive over the traffic islands, if they didn't put those stupid "keep left" signs in the middle of them.

I bought a ticket at the station, and stood waiting on the platform with all the other zombies. The train rattled in; it was one of those old brown, single-compartment trains, which you meet only on the Metropolitan line. I sat down right in the middle with two on my left, three on my right, and six facing me. If I'd had a paper or a book, I could have read it, (or pretended to) and, if I'd been in the corner, I could have looked out of the window; as it was, I was stuck there with nothing to look at but the people opposite, who had nothing to look at but the people opposite them—that means me, I suppose! It gets a bit embarrassing though. Still, you can always look at the three fascinating advertise-

ments, above their heads. Of course, in this case two of the spaces had to be empty, and the middle one contained a yellowing map of the underground, which I've seen so often I know it off by heart,—Wembley Park, Neasden, Dollis Hill, Willesden Green, Kilburn, etc., etc., etc. There weren't even any of the usual pornographic or mildly amusing scrawlings in pencil on the grimy white walls and ceiling. The bloke opposite me had a bowler hat and glasses, but every time I started to study him, he started to look at me. I suppose I could always look at my fingernails or close my eyes, but you just can't do that for a full fifteen minutes. I wonder what I'd look like in a bowler?—Stupid, I suppose.

There, we are there at last, and we all climb out, stream up the escalator, through the barrier, and out into the open air.—The open air of a crummy London back street. I walk on, turn left, third right, and second left, and then I'm walking along by the park, with the branches of oak trees hanging overhead. Up in front someone has lit a bonfire of piled fallen leaves, by the railings. The smoke spreads slowly upwards, but it's not like ordinary bonfire smoke though; it's white and doesn't stink as much as usual. Then I come opposite the fire, and through the overhanging branches I see the sun's beams being diffused by smoke. The rays of light spread through the branches, and you can see the minute grains of dust floating slowly among the beams.—I stop—

"That is great!"—I walk on, but now I feel different, and kind of happy'

"Today is a good day,"—and it was too.

G.S.C.

THE STREAM OF LIFE

A thought seeped slyly into an unwary mind
—"What clever people!"—

Indefinable shapes, grey, gloomy musts,
Drifting, swirling and bubbling
Like watery wraiths, over an echoing bed
To a terrible, gaping sea.
An unreliable light, flickering, filled their forms;
The light of their own opinions,
Giving weight and reality from within,
But to an eye outside—

Through a transparent veil of life,
There was nothing.

The ghosts swirled on,
Exulting in their knowledge, maturity, vivacity and wit.
—They communicated—

Gaily, with mechanical phrases and brittle laughter.

"A Dry Martini;" or a saucy phrase . . .

Greeted by lowered eyebrows and scarcely hidden giggles,

—They danced—

Moving, responding, as a pulsing rhythm demanded.

—They loved—

As their minds demanded

—Parted—

As the hour demanded;

And moved on,

Smoothly,

Scarcely rippling the banking shallows

Of a profound torrent.

P.L.C.

LONELINESS

Loneliness is a word that is often misinterpreted. To be lonely is not just to be alone but something deeper, something that grips the soul. I am quite often alone, but very seldom lonely. Loneliness, while frightening me, interests me also. In some ways I even enjoy it.

One incident that remains prominent in my mind took place when I was cycling, alone, around Devon. I had stopped on a hill and ventured into a field of newly-cut corn. As I sat, it took me. The silence, the smell of the corn. Even the birds in the copse about twenty yards to my left were quiet. Down in the valley I could see the village, see the Church, its spire pointing out the path to Heaven, see the Inn and imagine its sign squeaking in the soft breeze. But see people I could not; imagine people I could not. No, for that brief period in my life people, petty, self-opinionated people did not exist.

It was soon over, but looking back, I remember feeling almost glad to be alone, the whole beautiful world to myself. The whole world for me to preserve in its elegance.

I was still sitting, thinking, when the farm hands returned from their lunch. I quickly got up and left the field behind me, but the memory of it I have still. That moment of life I have captured and shall never allow to escape.

R.C.H

FOG

Stepping into unknown darkness
Not knowing what or who is coming next.

M.R.D. II¹¹

MR. ORDINARY

Reading *The Skylark* it went through my mind
How nice it would be if one day I could find
A poem by me in the School Magazine.
Sucking my pencil, I started to dream
Of subjects so vague they would obviously seem
To be written by pseudo—intellectual hand,
When all I am really is ordinary, and
As I sat dreaming, my mind just a blank,
I began despairing that I wasn't a crank
Who gave weirdie drug parties at his home.
You see, I just want to be left alone,
Not pestered with H-bombs or C.N.D.,
That sort of stuff just isn't for me
I want to conform, not like the rest,
For I firmly believe that adults know best.
I am a square, I say white is white,
And I have great difficulty trying to write
Verse of this kind. I have a bad time
Trying so hard to make the lines rhyme
That it really isn't worth all the bother,
I think I'll leave poems writing to another—

BLOKE!

A.R.K.

JERUSALEM BUILT

Rape, theft, murder,
Adultery,
Receive less attention
As they grow more.
But no matter . . .
For only two things are today
Unforgivable;
The first—
To be Old,
The second—
To be Poor.

P J.A.

ROUNDEL

The weather does not change from day to day,
And here the climate is too dry for me.
If I had money I might go away.

There is no friend here who would bid me stay;
A new stamp in my passport is the key.
If I had money I might go away.

The room I live in falls into decay;
The harbour's all the view that I can see;
The weather does not change from day to day.

The living here is cheap—or so they say;
(At least the sunlight and the air are free).
If I had money I might go away.

The people, (smiling while you still can pay)
Are more commercial than I care to be.
The weather does not change from day to day.

In exile I can keep the past at bay,
Avoid despair as long as I can see
The weather does not change from day to day.
If I had money could I go away?

C.C.V.

PRESSURE OF CIRCUMSTANCES

The man working over there in the street
Sees me.
He expects me, as I have known him long
To stay
And talk a little while before passing on
My way;
He knew me as a child and later as
A youth.
He laughed, and told me stories albeit
Uncouth,
Which I enjoyed.
But now I have a position in life
And have married a really charming wife
And have to eschew lower class friends,
For class distinctions
Really must be kept
Up.

P.A.J.



CLASS-ROOM STUDY I
" EXACTNESS "

Photo Courtesy: [illegible]



CLASS-ROOM STUDY II
"OBSERVATION"

Photo by Photo-Reportage Ltd.

SONG

Carpet o carpet of
Gold and pretty cloth,
allow my sore foot to
alight on your warm surface
Its marzipan glow attracts
my sole, and puts it at rest.

Ceiling o ceiling of overpowering
Comfort and peace,
Allow my head to be anointed
With your soft-centred shadow:
let me bow and bask in
its inconceivable glow.

Air o air between you,
o ceiling, and you, o carpet,
allow me to breathe
in your fragrance
till my lollipop lungs
Burst, burst, burst.

J.L.K.

INCIDENT ON DARTMOOR

The clouds rolled slowly over the Devonshire sky and the gorse crackled crisply under my feet. Before me the rocks of Haytor stuck out "like a giant's thumb" making me feel six inches high. As I walked over Dartmoor a slow drizzle trickled down. The town in the valley, partly obscured by mist, looked very sombre on this downcast day. Here and there I paused to take photographs.

On one such pause I noticed a derelict stone cottage partly obscured by a gorse bush, about fifty yards ahead. I thought that this would make a fine picture. I prepared to take my photograph, but was suddenly distracted by a door slamming. From the derelict cottage emerged a dirty, grimy old woman with a bucket in her hand. She walked very slowly, giving wary glances this way and that. I walked briskly over to the cottage and peered in through a crack in one of the boarded windows.

The inside of the cottage was very dark, and a few hens scratched about the floor. In one corner lay a pile of loose sacking and newspapers. On an old rustic table lay a half-cut loaf, which did not look at all fresh. Down one wall a patch of mildew had grown where the roof had leaked.

I was overwhelmed with an atmosphere of griminess and poverty, and I experienced an immense feeling of pity and loneliness for the small figure disappearing through the heather.

N.S. m¹¹

THE FROST

The frost creeps in through the night air
Spreading its biting grip over town and country.
It weaves patterns on windows,
Clings, and glistens on tree stems.
Grass crunches noisily underfoot.
Cars stall and cars skid.
Milk freezes on the doorstep
And the air is silent.

J.B. n¹¹

HAIKU

Haiku are traditional Japanese poems that compress observation, emotion and philosophy into just seventeen syllables. The earliest *haiku* date from the 13th century, but it was not until about the 16th century that they became popular. Today a million *haiku* are published annually in Japan. Several of mine are offered below, but anyone can try writing *haiku*, as they are easy and enjoyable at the same time

A crow cries alone in the night and
everywhere there is silence.
In the cool shade of a ruined pagoda
a beggar lies asleep.
The fresh, pink blossoms cheer the old
man as he goes on his way.
There are steps leading to the pagoda
which stands high up on the hill.

N. W. KHINMAUNG

COMBINED CADET FORCE

Strength, September 1962: 288 cadets, 12 officers.

Senior N.C.O.: R.S.M. J. E. Butchart.

ARMY AND BASIC SECTIONS

Summer Camp, attended by 75 cadets, took place at Buckenham Tofts, Norfolk. The main activities were the night operations (with hot meals brought out by lorry), a day on the open ranges, an inter-patrol competition, (won by Cpl. Putnam's patrol) and a visit to Yarmouth.

A First Aid and Civil Defence Platoon under Sgt. Harris and an Engineers' Platoon under Sgt. Pope have recently been formed, while the Signals' Platoon is developing well under the enthusiastic guidance of Sgt. Clark.

The Army Proficiency Examination held by the Coldstream Guards at Chelsea Barracks produced very good results, 65 cadets reaching the required standard; 22 obtained credits.

C.S.M. Ratchliffe is to be congratulated very heartily on gaining the Joint Services Cadet Badge in September. This Badge, the highest award a cadet can obtain, is presented only to outstanding cadets after a severe four day test held at the Cadet Training Centre at Frimley Park.

The Basic Section Sergeants have made a good start with their recruit training, and already 64 cadets have passed the Basic Test. Congratulations go to Cadets K. G. Cresswell and G. P. Davies who obtained the highest marks

R.A.F. SECTION

During the year Camps have been held at R.A.F. Manby and at R.A.F. Oakington. Both were well attended and thoroughly successful. The Grasshopper glider was used throughout the Summer Term on Thursday evenings and occasionally on Fridays during the normal training period. As a result several cadets have completed the qualifying number of 10 slides, enabling them to attempt hops. Gliding facilities at Hendon have been utilised to the full, and 21 cadets are now qualified glider pilots holding "A" and "B" certificates. Fifteen cadets passed the R.A.F. Proficiency examination, six with distinction.

R. N. SECTION

The R. N. Section Summer camp was held from Saturday, 28th July to Saturday, 4th August, 1962. During that week Lt. Hickman and 12 cadets had the unlimited use of a motor fishing vessel on the Firth of Clyde. The vessel (MFV1219) had six civilian members of the crew—the Skipper, a very kindly and helpful man; two jovial seamen, Willy and John; a Chief Engineer and his assistant; and a cook. The cook however prepared meals for the crew only. We cooked for ourselves and greatly enjoyed doing so. Apart from cooking we were able to navigate freely, providing we ended up in the right place, steer under the directions of the navigator, and man the lookout on the bridge.

The cruise started from Greenock Harbour and we sailed over a very large area of the Firth of Clyde going as far as Campbelltown near the Mull of Kintyre. On Wednesday-Thursday we held a night exercise which involved sailing from Campbelltown along the South and East coasts of the Isle of Arran and putting in at Tarbert Harbour in the morning. That night H.M.S. "Battleaxe," (destroyer), and H.M.S. "Ursa," (frigate), collided very close to us, causing considerable damage to both ships, but we were not called to assist. On the last day we were able to see the "Proteus" in Holy Loch.

The weather was most satisfactory except on the last day. Every evening we were able to go ashore and entertain ourselves in various ways. All the members of the party thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and many felt it was the best holiday they had ever had.

C.R.F

PROGRAMME

Sunday:—Greenock—Wemyss Bay—Rothesay
Monday:—Rothesay—Greenock—Kyles of Bute—Tighnabruach
Tuesday:—Tighnabruach—Loch Fyne—Lochgair—Ardishaig
Wednesday:—Ardishaig—Campbelltown.
Wednesday night:—Night exercise around the Isle of Arran to Tarbert.
Thursday:—Resting, and Cleaning the mess deck.
Friday:—Tarbert—Kyles of Bute—Holy Loch—Greenock.

SPECIAL SERVICE UNIT

In this report we review a year's operations, and although the general objectives of training have not altered, the year has seen a number of changes.

When the move to Elstree was announced we envisaged a great widening in the scope for public service, with large numbers of boys employed on the estate. In the event this has not happened, for the reason that estate work calls for experienced direction, and a few supervisors cannot watch over and direct the work of a large number of unskilled workers. However, a start has been made in clearing fallen timber and undergrowth in the woodland, the opening up of old footpaths through the woods, and the dredging of the watercourses and ornamental lakes, the latter in collaboration with the Biology Department interested in the flora and fauna to be found there.

Another group has undertaken the repair of the old thatched fruit store with a view to fitting it out as a canoe house, whilst still another group is preparing the site for the erection of a greenhouse to serve the needs of both the Botany Department and the school gardener. The estate

can provide a wide field for service, and as members become more proficient they should increasingly be able to undertake the supervision of other boys and so will overcome the bottleneck due to lack of experienced direction.

Other branches of public service have been well supported: a Workshop Group has spent a useful year on construction work indoors; the Printing Group never ceases its labours, working not only Fridays but all the week whenever free time can be found, producing some very admirable work, from programmes to Christmas Cards. In the Library the Librarian has been assisted by an enthusiastic group. Throughout the year there have been First Aid classes under the direction of an instructor sent by the British Red Cross, and in the periodical examinations many successes have been gained. A beginning has been made in Beekeeping, and with hives in the woods and a demonstration hive in the Zoology Laboratory, the project is likely to thrive.

A large number of boys have worked in the Current Affairs Study Group and have maintained an Information Board in the Main Corridor for the benefit of the rest of the school. An Electronics Group has carried out work in practical electronics and is now beginning a new course of study in this subject.

One important change has been the decision to allow members of VIA and VIS a choice between membership of C.C.F., S.S.U. or neither, and the majority of those not in the C.C.F. have in fact opted out of S.S.U. in favour of study, probably influenced by the imminence of public examinations. One effect has been to bring the numbers in the S.S.U. into more manageable proportions. it is however

hoped that some of the younger members as they reach the Upper 6th will choose to stay in the S.S.U. to help with the running of the Unit, particularly in the estate work, where experience is so valuable and the results so satisfying.

A number of boys entered for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award have prepared for and have carried out their Expedition, and during the coming months will be completing their other standards for the Award.

S.S.U. PROGRAMME 1962

Service Groups

Estate Maintenance Groups	Messrs. Guidon, Clark, Dudderidge
Printing Shop	Mr. Keevil
Beekeeping	Mr. Creedy
Botanical Survey Group	R. Birch
Workshop Group	Mr. Lear
Library Service	Mr. Cheyney
Laboratory Service	Mr. Carleton
First Aid Class	Mr. Hurst and Mrs. Stoker (B.R.C.)

Other Groups

Current Affairs Study Group	Mr. Lister and Mr. Baber
Art Group	Mr. Broderick
Practical Drama Group	Mr. Doughry
Film Unit	Mr. Palmer
Photographic Group	Mr. Creedy
Music Group	Mr. Clulow
Expedition Training	Mr. Dawtrey
Practical Electronics	Mr. Gane

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARDS

In the pressure of activity following the move to Elstree, many boys who had entered the Award Scheme found themselves reaching the age limit with standards still incomplete. As a result, few awards have been gained this year, but a number have carried out expeditions and should complete them early in 1963.

A Silver Award has been gained by A. J. Gardner and a Bronze Award by W. J. Webb.

We hope that the boys now in the Scheme will settle down and show they have the determination necessary for completing their tasks and gaining awards.

J.W.D.

SOCIETIES

CANOE CLUB

The Canoe Club has been fortunate this term, in the large increase in membership, especially in the junior forms. Many of the new members are anxious to build canoes, and some have already begun work on KL plywood canoes which cost about £10 to make.

It is club policy that members should receive instruction, preferably of a practical nature, before launching their boats, for experience has shown that this can be the most hazardous period of the canoeist's life. As a result of the demands of the Swimming Club for use of the Bath after the end of school, the training this term has had to consist mainly of lectures and films. Nevertheless, canoeing sessions on Friday evenings have enabled a number of seniors to become quite proficient at canoe rolling.

This year, as part of the National Water Safety Campaign organised by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, some members of the canoe club gave an exhibition of canoe handling on the Ruislip Reservoir, and four teams of three gave exhibitions twice a day throughout the Boat Show at Olympia. In these exhibitions they were demonstrating "Deep Water Rescue" and the "Eskimo Roll" by use of which the Eskimo fisherman is able to save himself in the event of a capsized at sea.

During the course of the year a number of club members have qualified for the Proficiency Certificate of the British Canoe Union, and several are preparing for the examination for B.C.U. Instructor. The Club is anxious that all members shall take the B.C.U. Novice and then Proficiency Certificate Tests, and arrangements will be made in the Spring for the necessary river experience. It is also hoped that as winter deepens the Bath may not be in such demand by the Swimmers and the canoeists will then be able to have regular training sessions for novices and for advanced canoeists.

At Easter there will be the usual Easter Cruise for beginners, down the Thames from Oxford, and some of the "old hands" will probably join in a rapid river journey with the B.C.U. A slalom gate has been erected in the swimming bath, and gate practice is now possible.

R.A.H.

RIVER WYE CRUISE

We arrived at Gasbury-on-Wye to find that some thoughtful authority had built a new by-pass through our usual camping site. Soon, however, we caught sight of the "Dudderdigemobile", swamped

beneath a horde of boys, disappearing down a lane and we followed it into our new camp site on the back lawn of Glasbury House.

The following morning we were whisked up to Builth Wells, to tackle the Upper Wye, and we had barely unloaded our canoes before Mr. Dudderidge charged (literally) through undergrowth to the boulder fringed river. We were confronted by what appeared to be a huge rapid; "Just a little bounce," we were told. As was to be expected I capsized in the rapid, and as I plunged into the icy water, I heard a voice say "Is your life jacket any comfort to you?" At times like this you love canoeing.

Six hours, two capsizes and one holed boat later our party arrived back at the camp site. Fortunately the female members of our group—brought along to do the menial tasks about the camp—had prepared our meal and revived our spirits. Normal camp site drill proceeds somewhat as follows: 5.30 a.m. chase cattle away with paddle; 7.30 a.m. shattering roar of "Wakey Wakey" with pan beating accompaniment; 8.30 a.m. groans; 9.30 a.m. signs of life; 10.30 a.m. shambles; 11.30 a.m. embarkation (last away).

The first days proceeded quite uneventfully when compared with the Upper Wye, though there were several stops to celebrate the crossing of the English-Welsh Border. By lunch-time of the third day it was pouring with rain and we took possession of the magnificent boathouse of the Hereford Rowing Club. After lunch in the town it was still raining heavily and an approach to the priest at the Roman Catholic Church brought us the offer of hospitality of the Church Hall for the night. Within minutes the gear was brought up from the canoes (left at the boathouse) and soon the Hall had the appearance of a refugee transit camp. We were indeed grateful for this shelter, for in the night the river rose about 11 feet, and had we camped some miles downstream on a meadow three or four feet above the river, we should have had to get up and pack up in the middle of the night as the water rose. This is one of the hazards of a river with its upper waters in the middle of the Welsh mountains.

We were warned to cross the river and then hug the far bank through the Hereford Bridge. One pair of girls crossed rather too slowly and were swept down on to the bridge pier but managed to avoid wrapping

themselves around the pier. They neatly capsized but carried out their capsize drill correctly, and they and their canoe were recovered about half a mile downstream. The river was running at about 8 miles an hour, and we passed our planned camp at midday and went on another "Jay's" run to Rosi-on-Wye, where again we enjoyed the hospitality of the local Rowing Club, camping on their lawn and using all the facilities of the clubhouse. The hospitality of rowing clubs on the Wye is very generous and we hope that our good relations with them will continue. By the next morning the river was falling again and we loitered downstream, stopping for several hours at Goodrich Castle to view the ruins and collect blackberries for supper. That night we camped below the old church at Welsh Bicknor in the meadow owned by the Youth Hostel, and after some wonderful feasts of blackberry and apple stew we gathered around a huge camp fire for a sing-song to the sound of the river rustling by and the crackling of the flames. Suddenly a white clad spectral figure appeared by the wall of the churchyard and came floating towards the tents; it paused, appeared to fall to the sound of cracking tent poles and ripping fabric, and very human sounding cries, and we found our sheet clad spectre had fallen into some very real nettles.

The rest of the run was quiet and ended in a mud bath as we landed at dead low-tide by the inn at Tintern Abbey. Most of the party dispersed there, but a few stayed the night nearby and returned to camp late at night to find that the tide had risen and flooded their camping place—they therefore returned to their merrymaking.

To end on a more serious note; may I on behalf of the Club, thank the three party leaders for running the cruise in its usual efficient manner. The brand of cheerful humour prevalent amongst them kept the spirits of the party very high, despite the sometimes not-too-pleasant conditions

R.A.H.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The society once again began the year with a slide-showing session at which many members showed pictures of geographical interest taken during the holidays. This was

followed up later in the term by an excellent talk by W. J. Webb on South-West Norway, which he visited in the Summer.

We were fortunate enough to have three lecturers this term. Mr. Willatt began this series of lectures with a most illuminating talk on the geographical factors affecting the historical development of the English village and the textile industries in Britain. Our second lecturer was Mr. B. H. Adlam who spoke on his recent tour of the United States. Our final lecture was given by Dr. D. Boyd, of Hunting Aircraft, who gave a most interesting talk on Geographical Prospecting for Oil in South-West Africa.

Thanks to Major Hewson, members are now able to attend weekly lectures at the Royal Geographical Society, and this added facility has been taken up with great enthusiasm.

The highlight of this term was an industrial visit to Stewarts and Lloyds Ltd. of Corby, Northamptonshire. We were able to see the ironstone quarries, the blast furnaces, the Bessemer converters, and the final manufacture of steel tubes. The visit was highly successful and we should like to thank Mr. Rolfe very much for arranging it.

At Half Term a field trip was made to Tring, where, among other features of the landscape, we saw the Southend Hill outlier and the chalk escarpment of the Chilterns.

We should like to thank Mr. Everson for his work as President of the Society, Major Hewson for having us enrolled as corporate members of the Royal Geographical Society, and the other members of Geography Staff for their considerable assistance.

C.R.F.

JAZZ CLUB

Sparsely attended meetings have been held on most Tuesday lunchtimes throughout the term, supported by the hard core of fans. These were just record sessions, with no set plan, and turned out to consist mainly of modern jazz pieces.

In future, the Club will revert to the planned meeting popular before. Certain topics will be selected each week, and records featuring a particular star or instrument will be played. With this as a basic theme, a far wider selection of all types of Jazz can be played.

After-school concerts may be arranged, if possible; at any rate, talks illustrated with records certainly will be. One to look forward to will be given by J. E. Butchart, who will talk about drums. This will be amply illustrated by records and "live" demonstration.

Under the auspices of Mr. C. P. Gane, a Poetry and Jazz section was inaugurated. At the first, and so far only, meeting, the record "Red Bird" was played. This consists of poetry by Christopher Logue, "backed" by music from the Tony Kinsey quintet. Its impact upon the audience was quite dramatic.

J.E.B.
M.A.G.

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

The yet nascent School Mountaineering Club made its first expedition to Snowdonia in September. Two mini-bi carried the party of sixteen boys and two masters (Messrs Clark and Davies) to the National Forestry Commission's camp-site at Beddgelert. High spirits could not be dashed by

the almost incessant rain that came in across the Irish Sea, (two fine days did occur, one in the middle of the expedition and one at the end), and with trenches dug around most of the tents apart from the 'Canvas Palace', a weird looking two-tent amalgamation, the party always felt itself secure—if somewhat wet.

The object of the expedition as defined in the "propaganda" hand-out at school, was to give boys the ability "to find their way safely on mountains". The expedition turned out to be much more enjoyable than this utilitarian description suggests.

Climbing was the primary activity: few of us had climbed before, and under Mr. Clark's first-rate guidance and tuition we all gained a considerable measure of confidence on rock and even some ability. To those who know Snowdonia, it may be of interest to state that we climbed on Tryfan, the Glyders and on several other mountains, but it is not the name of the climb that matters once you are on it.

It is difficult to explain the fascination of rock faces, and to every climber, climbing can mean different things. Motives are always personal, but there are certain things which all climbers are agreed on. Climbing is a non-competitive sport and can be enjoyed by someone who is neither agile nor particularly daring, as much as by the most experienced rock-gymnast in the world. A rock face sets problems of method, and forces decisions. It demands a certain mental concentration and endurance, always affording the sense of triumph and delight at the top.

Beyond this, the reasons are legion. Some people set themselves against the climb. Some people set themselves

against themselves. Others just enjoy being up there, balanced so precariously and yet so securely. Perhaps some people climb because:—

"Mind, mind has mountains, laugh may
Who never hung there."

The complete mountaineer does not confine himself to rock faces. Nor did we. There were several freelance camping excursions by various groups, which none of the others, apart from Mr. Clark, knew of, until a tent disappeared for two or three days. Some explored the country to the south behind Moel Hebog towards Cnicht; others ventured towards fierce-looking Tryfan. One group undertook the celebrated "Welsh three-thousand" walk, and between us we covered a great deal of ground.

The atmosphere in the mini-bi on the way home was happy, healthy and hopeful for next Easter, when the club will, (with many new members it hopes), make its next expedition.

R.C.D

SCHOOL PRESS

Since our last report there has been great activity in the Printing Room. In the Easter Term we received the script of Mr. Avery's account of the infamous "Elstree Murder." We hope to publish this book, our third major work, in 1963. During the Summer Term we received many orders, the principal one being for the programme for the Annual General Meeting of the General Studies Research Group.

During the Autumn Term, we almost finished a type catalogue which we have designed, set and printed ourselves. It will be comprehensive of all our type faces, ornaments and

borders to date. We undertook the Play programme for "Coriolanus" after Half Term, and managed to finish it by the deadline. As we are closely connected with the Arts, we have always taken great pride in producing a well-designed programme. The production of various Christmas Cards has also occupied much of our time.

In addition to these special orders, we have had the usual call for membership cards, letterheadings, programmes, and other school society requirements. It remains a mystery to the members of the School Press how the School Prefects get through 1,000 sheets of Lines Paper in a term.

Apart from the occasional applause from the Common Room next door, as a master shoots home the black into the far pocket on the billiard table, not much is heard from our neighbours. We would like to congratulate them for putting up so courageously with the noise from our thundering presses.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking my fellow printers and comrades in the "control tower," D. Tarlow, D. Shemuel, J. Cocking, M. C. Wright and P. Davis for their unceasing efforts to complete the orders.

I am sure all of us would like to thank Mr. Keevil for his continual kind and helpful suggestions.

G.H.B.

TOY DESIGN

"I want you to design a five-year-old child's toy," I was told, on approximately my fourth "A" Level art lesson. Little did I imagine the thought and time that would be involved. For at least one period I doodled, finally turning up with what amounted to a very rough, inaccurate and chalky mess. It was a child's miniature bowling alley, badly

finished and with all the various problems of use, manufacture and materials not worked out. Within another week I had evolved a polystyrene figure with detachable limbs—I scrapped both these.

Finally, I began to design a cross between a tricycle and a rocking horse, constructed mainly of cubic blocks, cylinders and other basic shapes. It took me two weeks to produce a very rough sketch, and a further three to work out the steering and propulsion, embody them in my rough, and interrelate all the elements in the design.

This had taken me just under two months, working, on average, four periods a week. Now at last, I was beginning really to enjoy designing the toy; in fact I had become quite pleased with it.

All that remained was to prepare the finished presentation design. Bright colours with good depth had to be used, and shading was shown by slight variations in the colour tone. In addition to the main design, the working parts, which were difficult to see had to be shown separately in section.

At last I was nearing the end. It was necessary to draw and colour the title. I gave the toy the name "Rumbino" and used this as the title. I chose an expanded Egyptian letter form, which I adapted for my purpose. Finally, the finishing touch: a paragraph explaining the design, its dimensions, the materials, how it works and for what age group it is intended.

The main discovery in my work was that a design is a mixture of art and engineering. By that I mean that the sketch, as such, is, as someone once said, "the visible evidence of intelligence at work." Intelligence is deployed on the

problem of attractiveness and, at the same time, on the practical considerations of manufacturing process, materials cost, and, above all, suitability for use. To solve these problems is, so to speak, the engineering aspect of the work. To solve them in an attractive form is the artist's.

Naturally a finished design is only a beginning, because if the product is to be made, finished working drawings for manufacture have to be prepared. This requires close liaison with, and briefing from, the manufacturers, in order that the drawings should comply with the combination of machinery at a particular factory.

M. S. R. JAPP, V1b Mod

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

The popular image of Cambridge represented in a film like "Bachelor of Hearts" and confirmed every time the Pitt Club has a funeral or women fail to gain admission to the Union is of a community as old-fashioned and ornamental as the Changing of the Guards—and curiously attractive for that reason.

It must be the peculiar Englishness of the place. An England we thought we had lost existing within an England that regrets the passing of such gentlemanly civilization, and likes to remember it. A world of gowns and proctors, ancient buildings, May Balls, and a river that just asks to be punted on. A world perpetually young and vigorous, yet old and dignified too. Newspapers, of course, are chiefly responsible for always showing us this ideal view of Cambridge. They like to see the place as full of potential great men. Great politicians, especially; which is why the Union comes in for so much unmerited publicity.

True, that if you ask what Cambridge is really like, most people will say that above all it's great fun. But not the kind of great fun the "Express" would have you think. Not all undergraduate pranks: nightclimbing, cars on the Senate House roof, and chaps pushing other chaps in the river in dinner jackets. These exist, but are enjoyed only by the inevitable hearty minority. And newspapermen. Read any report of a May Ball and you would think the fun consisted entirely of gay, frisky young things gambolling on the Backs, dodging champagne corks aimed by smart young men with titles.

With all this nonsense about, it's not surprising that the first year at Cambridge is a steady disillusionment for any honest, sensitive undergraduate. This is not to say it is disappointing. Every disillusionment is balanced by a discovery. I soon found out that the University Rowing Club consisted predominantly of dull monomaniacs. Rather a surprise, that. But amply offset by my discovery that water ski-ing, anyway, is more fun. And so on. This common experience of disillusionment and gradual coming to terms is the theme of "A Shilling Life," the film the Cambridge Film Society made in the Summer, and which you ought to see if you get the chance.

It is a paradox that in Cambridge, where life is so hectic, one has, as an "Arts" man, almost complete leisure. The only commitment is an essay to be read out in a supervision once a week. It is the opportunities, knocking in such numbers, and with such deafening insistence, that make Cambridge life so fast and so intensely enjoyable. The range, variety and irresistibility of those opportunities is so immense

that it baffles brief description. To many, Cambridge seems a world in itself.

Which brings me to mention one major and at times distressing disadvantage of such a high-powered insular community as an entirely residential university like this must be. It is easy to lose a sense of proportion here. The suicide rate (highest in the country) is good evidence of that. So, too, is the fact that twelve undergraduates took their Tripos exams in mental hospitals last summer. That same lack of a sense of proportion is pernicious, too, when it results in snobbery. Snobs in Cambridge are well catered for. They can join the Pitt Club at £25 a term and go hunting with Viscounts and people in the Trinity Foot Beagles. It is to these circles that William Hickey devotes his attention. Indeed, in an article of this kind, it would be easy to slip into his name-dropping habits. A Prince William here and a Herb Eliot there might make Cambridge sound very impressive. But in fact one sees or hears of neither outside the columns of the "Express" (unless you count the occasion on which Tony Axon and I had the honour of retrieving the great runner's pork pie for him from the floor of Sainsbury's).

Most undergraduates in Cambridge (they are never called students) find it quite enough just to be here. A degree, for instance, seems rather irrelevant most of the time. Examinations, here as anywhere else, are looked upon as a regrettable necessity. There is a general feeling that the education one receives here is of too *large* a nature to be susceptible of any sort of hurried, quick-thinking, conventional examination. This feeling gets strongest in the Summer term, when the sun sparkles on the river, and Tripos looms. But a few books

lying open in the bottom of one's punt relieves the conscience wonderfully.

Examinations over, what with the relief and everything else, Cambridge in the Summer is every bit the romantic's paradise it's made out to be. Warm evenings lying drinking wine in Grantchester Meadows. Hot afternoons drifting along the Backs through tunnels of willow leaves, listening to water slapping against the punt bottom.

This is when the Rupert Brook angle on Cambridge really comes into its own. And justifiably. You can't help feeling there is something special about the place however much of a cynic you may be. Not with all that beauty around. A cynical friend of mine insisted that King's Chapel looked like an upturned cow with its legs sticking in the air. But he had to admit that it was a very beautiful upturned cow when the sun came out and shone on the white stone

ROGER DEAKIN, *Peterhouse.*



VALETE

SEN GUPTA, R. (1955-62). VIs Mod. Jobhngs. School Captain. G.C.E. "O" Level, 1959; "A" Level, 1961-62. Cricket, First XI, 1958-62; Captain, 1961-62; Middlesex Young Amateurs. C.C.F. S.S.U. Film Society, History Society.
Home address: 5 Lyndhurst Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3.

HARRIS, S. (1959-62). VIs Mod. Russells. School Prefect. G.C.E. "O" Level, 1960; "A" & "S" Levels 1962. First XV, 1961-62. C.C.F., Sgt. Christian Union (Leader), 1962. "Patience," "Androcles and the Lion." *Entrance to Pembroke College, Cambridge.*
Home address (Spring 1963): 53 Burstow Drive, Park Street, St. Albans, Herts.

HARRIS, R. M. (1957-62). V¹⁹. Hendersons. First XV, 1961-62. First XI, 1962. Basketball, First V. C.C.F.
Home address, 53 Templars Crescent, Finchley, N.3.

and

VIs Mod.	M. Bartman	VIs Sci	P. T. A. Riddy
	C. G. Blake		R. F. Stacey
	R. F. Howard		J. A. W. Strachan
	A. A. Hurst		R. J. Wells
	R. C. Lack		C. M. Wulwick
	A. C. Moore	Via Mod	A. Pritchard
	R. J. Newham	Via Sci.	R. E. Knight
	D. M. Pennington	Vib Mod.	K. W. Burt
	S. M. Schama		P. R. Croxford
VIs Sci	A. P. Armit	V ²⁰	R. A. Hersey
	R. Birch		K. R. Izzard
	B. Charlesworth		D. A. V. John
	M. J. L. Day		J. A. Marshall
	J. H. McCartney		P. R. Robinson
	S. Nazeeer	IV ¹⁰	K. A. Pope



LINO-CUT by J. M. Rennie, III¹⁷.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Cover Design for this issue is by R. C. Lack; the Lino-cut on page 257 is by R. A. Hellawell of V²¹; the cartoon on page 299 is by R. F. Howard.

OLD HABERDASHERS' ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS, 1962-3

President: K. H. BLESSLEY

Vice-President: M. J. JACKMAN

Hon. Secretary: J. VALENTINE, 12 Kinross Close, Kenton, Middlesex. Tel. WORDSWORTH 6411

Hon. Treasurer: W. R. TANNER, 11 Baronsmead Road, Barnes, S.W.13. Tel. RIVERSIDE 1335

Correspondent for O.H. Notes: C. R. B. JACKMAN, Glenmere, Watling Street, Radlett, Herts. Tel. RA2 4480

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

5th January: BUFFET DANCE, at O.H. Pavilion.
1st February: O.H.A. ANNUAL DANCE at Haberdashers'
Hall.

16th February: BUFFET DANCE at O.H. Pavilion.
5th March O.H.R.F.C. ANNUAL DANCE.
20th April: BUFFET DANCE at O.H. Pavilion.

ARTHUR CECIL MANN, M.V.O.

15th November, 1899—17th September, 1962

Cecil Mann who died on 17th, September 1962, was one of the most illustrious Old Haberdashers

He went to the School in Westbere Road in 1907 and there, with his brothers, spanned a large slice of the present century. Between them the Manns held every honour that the School could bestow.

On leaving school in 1917 he went to Cranwell and was in the R.N. Air Service, R.F.C. and the R.A.F. When he left the service in 1919 Cecil had become interested in Rugby Football and joined Rosslyn Park. In 1923 it was decided to form an O.H.R.F.C. and he was one of the first members, and was elected Vice-Captain. In actual fact "Smiler" Phillips, who was the original captain, had to move North and Cecil took over the captaincy for the first match on 6th, October 1923. All in all he held office in practically every capacity, Captain, Hon. Secretary, Hon. Match Secretary, War Time Committee and finally President in 1954. He was a co-organiser with Ellis Cinnamon of the Elstree Pavilion extension. In 1929 he was elected to the Middlesex R.F.U. Committee and in recognition of his work was made a Vice-President in 1951.

He had always taken a great interest in all the activities of the Old Boys and was elected President in 1930, another in the long list of O.H. Rugby players who have had this high honour.

In civilian life he was the Crown Jeweller with Garrard & Co. He attended the Sovereign at the Coronation in 1937

and 1953 and was a well-known figure at all the magnificent ceremonies when Royalty was present. He was made an M.V.O. in 1944 for personal services to the Sovereign.

The Club will miss his cheery smile and willingness to help others. Anyone who went to Cecil with a problem always received his help and encouragement. J.J.A.

BIRTHS

GIBSON—On 9th October, 1961, to Shirley, wife of John M. Gibson (1943-50) a son, Michael James.

LUMSDEN—On 9th November, 1962, to Anne, wife of Marshall S. Lumsden (1945-52) a daughter, Fiona Elizabeth.

PARKER—On 19th November, 1962, to Muriel, wife of N. Roger Parker (1930-36) a son, Simon Roger.

PENMAN—On 4th October, 1960, to the wife of Dr. T. O. Penman (1936-42) a daughter, Gillian Mary.

ROBBINS—On 30th September, 1962, to Mary, wife of John A. Robbins (1946-53) a son, Jeremy Edmund.

ROBBINS—On 5th October, 1962, to Vera, wife of Terry A. Robbins (1946-54) a son, Clifford Alan.

MARRIAGES

SHAW-SUTTON—On 1st September, 1962, at St. John's Church, Stanmore, Barry M. Shaw (1950-58) to Miss Adele Sutton. John H. Shaw (1951-57) was best man.

FIELD-BAILEY—On 17th November, 1962, at All Saints' Church, Queensbury, Terry H. E. Field (1946-52) to Miss Wendy Marilyn Bailey.

PERSONAL

BOOTH, Professor Andrew D. (1931-37) is now Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering at the University of Saskatchewan.

DAVIES, Alan G. (1936-41) who has been for some years in Lagos, Nigeria, will be home on leave until mid-March 1963 and hopes to meet contemporaries either at Boreham Wood or at the Dinner.

FIELD, Terry H. E. (1946-52) passed the final examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in May 1962.

GOODMAN, Peter J. (1935-43) who played regularly for the O.H.R.F.C. 1st XV in 1946-56 and gained caps for the Royal Navy in 1946-47 and 1947-48 while at Devonport, has been transferred to Messrs. Hoover's Australian concern at Sydney, N.S.W., for an indefinite period.

OHRENSTEIN, Clive I. (1950-58) has qualified in dentistry and is now L.D.S., R.C.S.(Eng.).

PENMAN, Dr. T. O. (1936-42) is now Senior Lecturer in Chemical Engineering at Adelaide University and is at present in England on STUDY LEAVE in the Chemical Division at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell.

STEED, P. J. (1951-56) is now Accountant Executive in a large Advertising Agency in Melbourne.

YEADON, M. David (1951-55) writing from Port Loko, reports that his firm's road-building project in Sierra Leone is now beginning to become geared-up, after slow progress in the initial stages of bush-clearing, laying culverts and getting heavy equipment up-country from

Freetown. He doesn't actually mention whether he personally does any work, but it is apparent that he is now inured to drinking canned beer and basking in the sun! After some obscure reference to the County Cricket Championship, he sends his best wishes to all at Boreham Wood (actually, he wrote Elstree!) and hopes that members of the O.H.R.F.C. are having a successful season

SEARLE RETIREMENT APPEAL

The Hon. Asst. Treasurer wishes to thank the Few for their support. The total was £31 13s. 6d. As the result of an interim payment of £25 in April, 1962, Mr. Searle asked that his appreciation be expressed to those concerned. He commented that it was a very welcome surprise—evidently his 30 years' experience of us had led him to expect nothing; he was less than 150 "packets of cigarettes" out in his judgement! The balance was sent off in time to be a sort of pre-reformation Scrooge Christmas present.

In view of his mainly cheerful acceptance of the After-School duties, which O.H. activities entailed (personal recollections involve particularly the pre-1939 Fives Club and the immediate post-war unofficial tennis section) the virtual failure of this appeal is very much regretted by the so-called organiser.

W.R.T

O.H.A. BENEVOLENT FUND

This fund exists to help Old Boys and their dependents in cases of distress. The Hon. Secretary, A. N. Bonwick, 2, Winchfield Close, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex, will be pleased to hear from intending subscribers or to learn of any cases of necessity. Tel. WORDsworth 2356.

H.O.B. LODGE No. 3362

Secretary: K. C. Harvey Parker,

35 Snaresbrook Drive, Stanmore, Middlesex.

As these notes are written, we are looking forward to the Installation Meeting on 15th December when Brian Boreham will take over the Mastership of the Lodge for 1963. At this Meeting we hope to see one or two Old Boys who are members of this Lodge or of other Lodges and who live abroad but are back in London on leave. We also expect to welcome as guests of the Lodge the Masters of several other Old Boy Lodges.

The Secretary will be pleased to hear from any Old Haberdasher or Master of the School who is interested in becoming a member of the Lodge.

K.C.H.P.

O.H. ATHLETICS CLUB

President: J. G. STAGG

Captain: J. R. IRWIN

Secretary: R. SIMONS

81 Wolmer Gardens, Edgware.

Tel: STOnegrove 7486

Following the completion of the 1962 track season, the Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at Elstree on 5th October last.

John Stagg was re-elected as President, and Julian Irwin as Captain. The Club warmly welcomed Roger Simons as Secretary, who has for long supported our activities particularly in organising the Cross Country Team. John Egan takes over from Adrian Fuller as Treasurer, but Adrian

remains on the Committee and we thank him for looking after our books over the past few seasons. The Committee is completed with Julian Littlewood, whom we welcome for the first time, Brian Goodman, Gilbert Husband and Michael Palmer.

On 15th December we fielded a team in the Thames Hare & Hounds Old Boys Invitation Cross Country Race over 5 miles at Roehampton. Our team was not as strong as the previous year's, and we came 5th out of the 11 teams completing the course. The first team home was Wellington followed by the Old Rutlishians, Kings College School, Wimbledon and Shrewsbury. The race was won by Bruce Tulloh equal with Llewellyn-Smith both of Wellington. Our scoring team of four consisted of Tony Shrimpton 12th, Roger Simons 16th, Julian Irwin 30th and Roger Douglas-Turner 35th, followed by Paddy O'Dell 44th. There were 55 who completed the course.

The Secretary is arranging a full programme of fixtures for 1963 and we look forward to welcoming both old and new friends to our meetings.

J.R.I.

O.H. CRICKET CLUB

This report covers the closed season as far as this Club is concerned. However, although we have not taken the field since the last report was written in *The Skylark*, two very successful social functions have taken place.

The Club's thanks are due to Chris Robinson for organising a dance at The Prince Albert Hotel and also to Roy Lidington for making arrangements for the first Club Dinner. This Dinner was held at Lords and was very much enjoyed

by all the large number of members who were present.

At this stage, we are already making plans for the coming season and all members are reminded that the Club's Annual General Meeting will be held during April; notice will, of course, be sent to members in due course.

In view of the fact that we now have a concrete net at the ground at Boreham Wood, it is anticipated that net practice will start very early in 1963.

In conclusion, the Club would like to extend membership to any Old Haberdashers who have an interest in cricket or in the Club, either in an honorary or playing capacity.

O.H. GOLFING CLUB

President: W. R. CLEMENS, C.B.E., J.P.

Captain: GERARD KRAMERS

Secretary: STANLEY THOMPSON,
30 Brookland Hill, N.W.11

The Autumn Meeting was held at Ashridge Golf Club on 13th October, the weather being ideal for golf. David English, Stanley Thompson and John White all scored 32 pts. but John White won the President's Bowl with the best score over the last nine holes. John White also won the Luke Aggregate Cup having scored a total of 72 pts. at the Spring and Autumn Meetings. A prize for the best score over six hidden holes was won by Michael Beaman who hurried away after luncheon to play for the 1st XV at Boreham Wood!

The afternoon foursomes competition for engraved ash-trays was won by David Jackson and Henry Edwards with a score of 33 pts; the latter was turning out with the Society

for the first time, and it is hoped that he will now be a regular competitor.

Members were glad to learn that Reg Clemens was recovering from his recent illness although he was not well enough to be present at Ashridge. In proposing that he be elected President for another year, the Captain reminded members that Reg was responsible for the formation of the society and that since its inception he had been an enthusiastic and generous President. Frank Loudoun was unanimously elected Captain for 1963. The Spring and Autumn meetings have been arranged at Ashridge on the first Saturday in May and October and, as the Summer Meeting at Hendon in 1962 was a great success, Frank Loudoun is organising a similar Summer Meeting to be held on 24th, July 1963. Fixtures against U.C.S. Old Boys, Old Elysians and Old Finchians are also being organised.

A meeting was held at Woodhall Spa on the weekend of the 19th November for the purpose of considering the formation of a Public Schools Old Boys Foursomes Competition.

Fifteen schools were represented including ourselves. It was agreed that the project should be proceeded with and a Steering Committee was elected to investigate suggestions of a National Knock-out Competition, with a final three days Meeting to be held at Woodhall Spa and other venues in September or October of every year. Approximately 90 schools have expressed interest in the Competition.

Any further news will be printed from time to time in the Old Boys Notes. Finally any O.H. interested in joining the the society please get in touch with the Secretary. S.T

O.H. RIFLE CLUB

President: MAJOR R. W. HEWSON

Hon Treasurer: R. B. LYLE,

20 Copswood Way, Northwood, Middlesex.

Hon. Secretary: M. WINNEY,

10 Cedar Drive, Hatch End, Pinner, Middlesex.

We now have sufficient active members to run three teams in the Middlesex Winter League. A team has also been entered for the Public School's Old Boys Match.

The match against the School 1st VIII on Sunday, 9th December was won by 1 point, which indicates the high standard of shooting in the School at present. M W.

O.H. RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

President: T. W. TAYLOR, M.A., Ph.D., B D.

Hon. Secretary: G. H. HUSBAND,

23 Norfolk House, Sheen Road,

Richmond, Surrey. RICHmond 3098

Hon. Treasurer: D. A. JAMES,

4 Colwyn Road, N.W.2. GLAdstone 4308

These notes are being completed shortly after the Annual Dinner, which brings the first phase of the season to a close. Once again this year over 200 members and guests assembled at Hendon Hall to toast the Rugby Union and the counties, and to honour this year's President of the Club, the Headmaster of the School. Alan Cooper proposed the principal toast with characteristic exuberance, and Reg West, in the course of a brief and graceful reply, earned our gratitude for

his respectful mention of the two former Presidents who have been lost to us this season. Fuller notices of Cecil Mann and Arthur Jenkins have appeared elsewhere in these Notes. Dr. Taylor's health was proposed by Kenneth Blessley in a notable and felicitous speech, and Phil Taylor of England and Hertfordshire responded to the toast of the guests. He and many other old and new friends of the Club contributed to a successful and enjoyable evening.

The news from Marshall Lumsden, Captain of the Club for the second season, of progress on the field, was of mixed results and varying fortunes. The results to date, appended below, make less cheerful reading than at this time last year.

RESULTS TO 31st JANUARY 1963

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
1st XV	15	6	8	1	87	144
A XV	13	8	4	1	114	79
Ex A XV	13	8	5	—	129	77
B XV	13	11	2	—	225	66
B2 XV	7	5	2	—	105	66
Ex B XV	13	2	10	1	54	137
C XV	13	8	5	—	205	130
Skyarks	1	1	—	—	6	—
	88	49	36	3	925	699

The credit balance for the club as a whole is satisfactory, but of course it is mainly by the 1st XV results that the club's reputation is established. After several very successful seasons the team this year is finding the going rather tougher. Injuries have had much to do with this—already at the beginning of December some 30 players have played in the

first team (as compared with 17 last year) and the two established 1st XV Centres, Boon and Fuller, have been particularly missed. The spate of injuries has given a number of young players a chance to prove their worth, and many of those who have played have shown much promise for the future; but a certain lack of cohesion has been inevitable and can be held mainly responsible for the points against us. The heaviest defeat was by Stroud, who are enjoying their best season since the war, and who crossed our line eight times in running up a score of 28-3; but perhaps more disappointing were the losses to Old Boy rivals in Edwardians, Rutlishians and Paulines. On the credit side the team had a good win against Askeans in the first fixture, when Lumsden was off the field with concussion for more than half the game, and a long-awaited and decisive win against the Blues, and there have been encouraging signs of recovery in the victories recorded in the last two matches against London University and London Hospital.

The "A" XV, under Chris Robinson, and the "Ex A," under Michael Bovington, are both enjoying a successful season, but the best record of all the fifteens is that of John Stagg's "B," one main reason being beyond doubt the captain's own great experience and enthusiasm. Another former captain of the 1st XV who could well be still playing higher up the club is Alan Cooper, who now leads the regular seventh side, the "B" 2. David Maconochie is coping cheerfully with the Extra "B's" difficulties, chief among which is the absence of experienced forwards. The "C," under Ken Maddocks again, also have this problem, but the strength of their back division has enabled them to overcome it on

most occasions; they miss, however, the fierce offensive tackling of John Percy, who has retired after 220 games for the side.

One or two personal achievements deserve mention in these notes. Lumsden has again played for Hertfordshire (and has kicked goals for them), Alterman has been capped by Middlesex, and Hanson has played for the Herts Wanderers side.

The fixtures for the second half of the season are as follows:

	<i>At Eistree</i>	<i>1st XV Away</i>
Jan	5 U.C.S. Old Boys	
	12 Old Aleynians	
	19 Old Millhams	
	26 Wasps (Ex. A)	Oxford
Feb.	2 Middlesex Hospital	
	9 St. Thomas's Hospital (A)	K.C.S. Wimbledon
	16 Aldershot Services	
	23 (a.m.) Holt 1st XV (Ex. A)	Old Dunstonians
Mar.	2 London Scottish (A)	St. Thomas's Hospital
	9 Old Tauntonians	
	16 (a.m.)	Hull & East Riding at Osterley
	23 Old Ignatians (A)	O.M.T.
	30 U.S. Chatham (A)	U.S. Chatham
Apr.	6 Old Wharfedale	
	12 } Easter Tour	Bridgewater
		Taunton
	15 }	Weston-Super-Mare
	20 }	Seven-a-Sides, (Preliminary rounds, Osterley
	27 }	Seven-a-Sides, (final rounds, Twickenham,

O.H. RUGBY FIVES CLUB

President: J. R. NEWMAN

Captain: B. A. STARK,
43 Longfield Avenue, N.W.7.

Hon. Treasurer: J. R. WHITTENBURY,
31 Shaftesbury Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middx.

The season has started most encouragingly from the membership point of view. We have welcomed Pollak now down from Liverpool University, Weston, last year's Captain at School, together with Lines and Avery, also from School. As Parker, who was Club Captain in 1957-58 and 1958-59, is leaving the Forces early in the New Year, we have no fears for the future.

The new court at Elstree is now almost completed, and with the School game in such capable hands as those of Alan Taylor, who captained Cambridge University for the 1955-56 season and played twice in the Varsity Match against Oxford, it should not be long before the School Team is producing players able to challenge the achievements of the present O.H. 1st IV.

We have so far played six matches, including visits to Denstone College, Cambridge and Bristol Universities and, although we have won only two and lost four, this is in no way discouraging as the opportunity has been taken to give younger members experience of first-class opposition. A fuller report with results of all our matches will appear in the next issue.

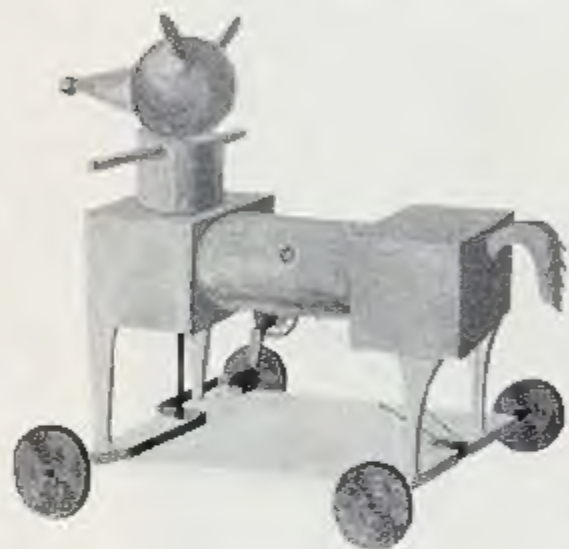
The Club was represented in the first ever West of England Amateur Singles Championship held at Bristol Grammar School by Whittenbury, who drew D. E. Gardner, a former Loughborough student, and seeded No. 3. After leading the first game 7-2 and 14-13, Whittenbury tired to the superb physical fitness of his opponent to lose 14-16, 5-15. Gardner later defeated the current National Singles Champion in the Final to become first holder of the trophy.

Both Stark and Whittenbury have entered The Amateur Singles Competition to be held early in the New Year, and hope to give a good account of themselves and the Club.

We are always pleased to hear from old boys interested in the game, and both the Captain and Treasurer welcome enquiries from anyone, whether for playing or Honorary membership.

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R U M B I N O



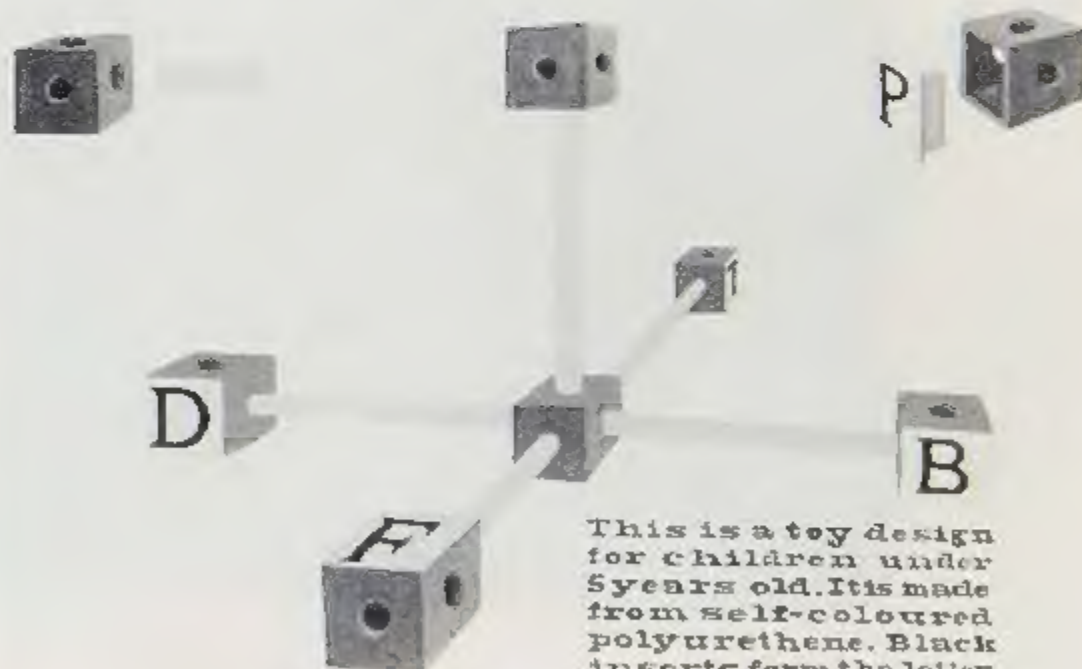
The second half of the report
deals with the results of the
survey. It is divided into two
parts. The first part is a
summary of the results of the
survey. The second part is a
discussion of the results of the
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survey.

Above: by M. S. R. JAFF, Vib Mod.

Below: by A. PRITCHARD, VIa Mod.

TOY DESIGNS

(See page 297)



This is a toy design for children under 5 years old. It is made from self-coloured polyurethane. Black inserts form the letter



CLAY MODELS

Photo by S. J. Wasserman

